The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XVI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1889. NO. 31.

LULLABY.

Hush little one and fold your hands;
The sun hath set, the moon is high,
The sun is sinking to the sands,
And wakeful posies are beguiled
By many a fairy lullaby.
Hush little child my little child!

Dream little one and in your dreams
Float upward from this lowly place,
Float outward mid the misty streams
To lands where bideth Mary mild,
And let her kiss thy little face
You little child my little child!

Sleep little one and take thy rest,
With none to bending over thee
Speaketh on that Father's breast
Where Christ hath received His own
Into the realm of mistletoe
Oh little child my little child
—E. L. in Chicago Morning News.

A WOMAN HATER.

To many younger members of the corps Hans Von Metz was the personification of a soldier. His manly figure and his martial bearing made him the idol of the barracks. The ladies of Berlin shared that opinion. When Hans rode Unter den Linden many a glance from fair maiden and matron did the stately form of the cavalier receive. These shots Hans bore with the greatest sang froid and they fell as harmlessly around him as the bullets at Gravelotte. Hans soon became known as a woman hater and this reputation spread from the messmates to the world beyond. The consequence was that Hans received more invitations to swell affairs than usually fell to the lot of an officer with an empty title. It was also noticed that Hans drank heavily. Contrary to the usual result with other men, wine made Hans taciturn and sullen and chary of speech.

It was one night in January when Von Schwall of the Cuirassiers invited us to his rooms opposite the barracks. Hans was one of the party which numbered about eighteen. The little opened about 9 o'clock, and at 10 a battery of empty bottles lined the sideboard. Von Schwall had just finished a capital story at which Hans even smiled, when, re[illegible] discordant echo came from the street below.

"Help! Help!" shrieked a female voice. And before the last shriek was lost Hans, who was next the door, dashed down the stairs. Capt. Fallersleben, Lieut. Schliff and myself were close behind. As I reached the sidewalk I saw Hans in the middle of the street raise the struggling form of a man in his arms, poise him aloft for a moment and the next hurl him to the ground. The unfortunate fellow did not move or groan. Hans now turned his attention to the woman, who seemed dazed with fright, while we and a group of spectators attracted to the scene stood spellbound. Our uniforms awed the citizens into quietness and they supposed that it was one of the usual street brawls among wine laden soldiers when interference by outsiders is dangerous. As Hans spoke some words of reassurance to her she turned her head and the nearest gas lamp threw its light across her face. Hans started back like a man who had received a blow, the woman at the same time gave a shriek and fled. In the meantime our friends had sallied from the house and were grouped around the injured man and as I approached Fallersleben and Schliff lifted him and carried him into the house.

It was then I caught sight of his face. Imagine my surprise when I recognized in that pallid countenance Count W., one of the most prominent figures in diplomatic circles and the gayest gallant of the capital. We were all lost in surmise. Fallersleben, Schliff and myself were bestormed with questions. Hans was deaf to all interrogatories and perhaps was as ignorant of the cause of the fracas as ourselves. He seemed more excited however, than even the stirring events which had just transpired warranted and after draining a huge bumper of champagne, he left the room without a look or inquiry for his wounded antagonist.

Meanwhile, Dr Meyer, staff surgeon of the regiment, who fortunately made one of our party assisted by the others, had restored the wounded man to consciousness. It was found that his left arm was broken in two places. Too weak to talk the patient was strong enough to be removed to his hotel. After discussing the matter at some length we also left to await further developments.

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Three months passed. Count W had completely recovered from his injuries. His story was brief and his connection with the affair decidedly unromantic. Leaving a friend's house, where the bottle had circulated rather freely, he had dismissed his carriage, preferring the short walk to his hotel to the drive. Striking into a side street he saw before him the veiled figure of a woman. As he neared, her graceful carriage attracted him. A pleasant 'good evening' met with a cheery response and the acceptance of the count's extended arm. The woman seemed educated above her class, and her companion was soon lost in an animated conversation with her. Suddenly, when in front of Von Schwall's rooms, the count missed a diamond pin, which he usually wore on his scarf. At once it flashed through his muddled brain that his fair charmer was the thief. The wine and the loss of the diamond robbed him of his better judgment, and he grasped the woman by the throat. Her screams brought about the event above narrated. Detectives were put upon the case and in a few days arrested Adele de Gichy, as she called herself, a Cyprian. She was arraigned, the diamond in the meantime having been discovered in a pawn shop, where she had pawned it, and she was sentenced to three years' imprisonment at hard labor. A few days after the trial, while seated at breakfast, Hans entered my room abruptly.

"Karl," he began, without any preamble, "I have been challenged by Count W. Blessing, of the Thirty-third, is his second, and I have taken the liberty to refer him to you as my friend."

"Challenged!" I managed to articulate in my astonishment. "You don't mean to say that W. has challenged you on account of that affair of the diamond robbery?"

"Well, he has never bore me any love since that little unpleasantness," said Hans with a shrug. "But we met at the shooting gallery this morning. A push, unintentional, of course, you'll understand, made him miss a fine shot. He accused me of pushing him on purpose. I did not think it worth while to assure him of the contrary, it would have sounded too much like an apology. Voila, the result!"

With the enthusiasm of youth I accepted the post, and Hans left with the request to meet him at the Casino that night, and the parting injunction to accede to every stipulation made by the other side. I demurred but he was obstinate, and my demurrer was useless. About 11 o'clock Blessing called, and the duel was soon arranged. My friend was to meet the count next morning at dawn in a little strip of wood about three miles from the city. The duelists were to fire at the word "three," and to continue firing until one of them was killed or disabled, or the weapons were emptied. The latter stipulation I knew was superfluous, as both were crack shots.

At 4 o'clock my servant woke me out of a restless slumber. By the time I had finished a hasty breakfast of coffee and rolls the carriage arrived which was to take me to the scene of conflict. I saw Hans and Dr Meyer seated in the vehicle smoking cigars, apparently with the utmost concern. My greeting was not effusive, time had dampened my ardor, and as I took my seat beside my friend serious apprehensions arose in my mind. The coolness of my companions, who chatted pleasantly together, and the natural buoyancy of youth soon dispelled the gloomy veil from my spirits. The journey's end was soon reached, and when the carriage stopped the first streaks of dawn were just visible on the horizon. As Hans expressed his surprise at the non arrival of the count and his party the sound of wheels was heard in the distance. I removed the pistol case from under the seat where Hans had placed it, and just then the second carriage drove up, and from it alighted the count, Blessing and Dr Spuhr. The mutual greetings were formal and polite. Blessing and I soon measured the distance, examined the weapons and completed all the preliminaries. The principals held aloof quietly conversing with their respective medical friends.

The spot was aptly chosen for such a meeting. It was located in the center of the little wood in an open glade, surrounded on all sides with somber trees, whose shadows cast their grotesque shapes on the green sward and the scene is indelibly stamped on my memory. Just as the sun rose above the neighboring hills I handed the weapon to Hans and Blessing did the same service for the count. His hand was steadier than mine as he took the weapon. A faint smile played on his finely chiseled lips as he said: "Karl if anything should happen you will find a letter in my left breast pocket addressed to you and now good by."

I could not reply. My heart was too full. A pressure of the hand was my only farewell. The adversaries now took their positions, Blessing stood ready to give the word.

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"One."

It rang out with the distinctness of a cannon shot.

"Two."

I felt my senses leave me.

"Three."

Two simultaneous reports. I saw the count totter then fall. I looked toward Hans and my heart leaped with joy. There he stood, calm and immovable as if cast in bronze. The next moment I saw him raise the smoking weapon against his own breast. I leaped forward but had scarcely taken two steps when I saw him pull the trigger. A puff, a sound and he fell to the earth. I stood rooted to the spot. Dr Meyer was beside him almost as soon as his body touched the ground. I dragged and almost threw myself upon the bleeding breast of my friend. Dr Meyer pulled me away.

"Your friend is dead," said he, gently. "His aim was true in both cases."

"My dear Karl," began the letter he had left me, "whichever way this affair ends it must end disastrously for me. If I fall under the count's fire the object of this meeting will be attained but fall I must, and, if it must be, by my own hand. That you may understand the causes which led to such a result, I must go back some years in the history of my life.

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"I was born in Bavaria near a small village where our estates were situated. My father and his father before him wasted an immense inheritance and when I reached my majority my patrimony scarcely reached 7,000 marks. Before that time I scarcely valued in money as my needs were always supplied but now I awoke to the fact that I was a beggared nobleman. My father placed a rich marriage in my view to retrieve our fallen fortunes. I refused to lend myself to the scheme. My father stormed, I remained adurate. The consequence was a quarrel and final separation. The cause of my obstinacy was a young girl of the village whom I loved devotedly. Adele was of humble parentage, but endowed with the charms and graces of a duchess. When I left the castle I repaired to the inn of the village. A note dispatched by the smart servant maid brought Adele to our old trysting place, and in an hour we had bidden farewell to home and friends forever. Next day we were married. I was as perfectly happy as my heart could wish. The only cloud that disturbed my dream of bliss was that concealment of my marriage was necessary. About six months after our marriage my regiment was transferred to Spandau. I left Wurtemburg alone, intending to send for my wife as soon as I was established in my new quarters. From Spandau I wrote at once upon my arrival and received a tender reply by the next mail. After that the answers to my letters came less regularly and one day they ceased entirely. I at once obtained a furlough and, as speedily as I could, hastened back to Wurtemburg. A terrible revelation awaited me. My wife had eloped. Why, you can picture, but my agony and shame you cannot imagine. I traversed the country in unsuccessful pursuit. Her parents were a young Italian painter, who occupied a studio near our lodgings. I borrowed money and scoured Italy. At Palermo I found a clew and followed them to Ferrara, a small village in the interior, but there all trace of them was lost. I returned to my regiment which in the mean time, had been transferred to Berlin. My life's dream was ended and revenge was the only passion I nursed. My days were a weary monotony. I never laid my eyes on Adele again until that January night. Adele von Metz my wife, and Adele de Gichy, the cyprian and thief were the same. The meeting was a sudden and unexpected that it paralyzed my faculties and she escaped my vengeance. I have grown tired of existence, and so good by. If ever you should meet one Giovanni Milletti an Italian painter remember your unfortunate friend, HANS."

—Charles J. Shilun in Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Got the Needle After All.

Nineteen years ago a woman residing here accidentally pushed a needle into her breast. She had been sewing on fine muslin and she pushed the point of the needle through the lapel of her basque while she inquired into the cause of a quarrel between two children who were playing near by. In a paroxysm of tears the younger child threw herself into the arms of the lady, and as she did so the needle was pushed so far out of sight that only the eye was visible. A quick movement to rescue it resulted in an entire disappearance of the fine bit of steel. No inconvenience was experienced and the incident was entirely forgotten. A few evenings ago the woman, who had carried the needle about her for so many years, was awakened out of a sound sleep by a peculiar pricking sensation in the throat. Rising up in bed she began to cough. The pricking became more severe but the sharp substance appeared to be rising in her throat. Thrusting her fingers down as far as possible she caught hold of an object and drew it out. It was the needle that had been journeying about under the surface for nineteen years.—Kingston Freeman.

A Man Out of Place.

The average man may receive a fair impression of how a fish out of water feels by paying a visit, in the company of some inveterate female shopper, to one of the many dry goods stores of this city. Penned in by crowds of chattering women, if he attempts to exert his will in the matter of making his way along the aisles, he will quickly find himself away in the rear of his guide, and will see that his civility is neither expected nor returned. If he thinks he knows anything about economic buying or the latest fashions, he will soon abandon that delusion. His guide would not think for an instant of buying dress goods until she had seen A's stock, or handkerchiefs till M's bargains had been overhauled, or notions till she had visited O's store. For her every store has its particular excellence and only a man could be blind enough to think them all alike. Should he even want to buy a necktie that has caught his eye and fancy, she will point out to him with withering scorn that the style has gone out, that the color is almost obsolete and the price at least four cents more than the same thing can be procured for just one block east and four south of where he is then displaying his incapacity. If he humbles himself sufficiently his taste may be consulted once or twice on the tour but his advice is observed never.—New York Tribune.

SLEEPING WONDERS.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE TRIED TO OUTDO RIP VAN WINKLE.

A French Woman Who Slept a Year—A Little German Girl's Nap of Eight Months—A Sunstroke Results in Narcolepsy and Finally Brain Fever.

Dr Blanchet the great French specialist, mentions three cases which he considered beyond the ordinary a complete account of these may be found in The Competes Rendus of 1864. In the first of the cases mentioned the patient was a woman then 24 years of age. Her first sleep came on when she was about 18 and lasted forty two days. Afterwards for the next two years she experienced no trouble in waking and sleeping as ordinary folks do until after a narrow escape from death in a runaway accident. After her nerves became quiet she tucked the drapery around her bed closed her eyes and quietly slumbered for the next two months.

For the next four years she exhibited no abnormal traits of mind or body. Every function seemed active and in no way did she show the least trace of a tendency toward narcolepsy. All outside appearances were delusive however for after the regular Easter feast on Easter Sunday 1862 she fell into a profound slumber which nothing could disturb in the least and remained in that condition almost a year or until the middle of March 1863. During these eleven and a half months her complexion remained ruddy and healthy looking notwithstanding the fact that there was not a single evacuation of the bowels during that period. Physicians came from far and near, every effort was made to break the lethargy but all attempts were futile. Two false front teeth were removed from the patient in order to supply her with nourishment, which consisted of soups milk beef tea, etc. At last accounts she was well perfect in mind, with a good prospect of making up for the year lost in sleep.

SHE EXPECTED GRETCHEN.

In the year 1880 two wonderful cases of persistent narcolepsy were reported. In the last week in January in that year the daughter of the mayor of Grambke, a little village near Bremen, Germany failed to respond to the morning call, notwithstanding vigorous efforts on the part of her sisters to arouse her. At noon the father was informed, but remarked that the child was tired, having attended a village gathering the day before where romping was indulged in to excess. On the morning of the second day the father became thoroughly alarmed and efforts were again made to break the spell, but they, like those of the morning before, were unsuccessful. From that time forward until about the middle of October, with the exception of a few hours of semi wakefulness the girl continued to slumber as naturally as any child over fatigued from a day of exercise. On the 14th day of October, eight months and a half having elapsed since the beginning of her unnatural sleep she awoke and called her sisters to help dress her remarking, "I expect Gretchen will be here now before I finish my breakfast." She ate heartily, but could not be induced to believe that it was October and that little Gretchen, her playmate, had been dead several months.

The sisters of the little sleeper remembered that little Gretchen had called on the first day of the child's sleep "just because she had promised her that she would when they parted the night before." The fact that the child did not mention the prospective call from her little friend during her moments of seeming wakefulness in April and July gave the attending physicians ample room to question whether she had really been awake during those semi lucid intervals. Within a few days she was as bright and as playful as ever, seemingly none the worse off for her eight and a half months of torpidity. On five different occasions twice in April and three times in July when she could break the lethargy for a few moments, she seemed as bright and happy as though in her normal condition would insist on helping sweep or wash dishes but always fell asleep before the task was completed. The fact that she never mentioned the names of any of her playmates during these spells of semi wakefulness argues against her really being awake until the October morning when she announced the prospective call from her little friend who had died in May.

BROUGHT ON BY SUNSTROKE.

In 1874 while Nathan G. Freeman, of Schenectady, N. Y., was at work in the harvest field he received a severe sunstroke but quickly recovered and was soon able to take his fork and go a field as though nothing had happened. A few days later he complained of dizziness, and ere long was forced to give up the farm altogether. He worked in the car shops of the city named above for about two years but was never rid of the feeling of dizziness especially if engaged in stooping work. In the six years that followed his sunstroke he was successively a shopman, a brakeman and a conductor on a freight train. On the 15th of February, 1880, his head troubled him more than usual, and in the afternoon he gave up his work and took to his bed. He immediately fell asleep and continued in that condition almost without interruption for four weeks and three days. He would eat only on alternate days, and then with his eyes closed giving no heed to what was going on around him. His appetite was fairly good for one in an inactive state, and never for a moment did he show signs of fever or delirium.

Towards the end of the thirty first day Freeman gradually roused himself the attendants chafed his arms legs and temples. He opened his eyes, called for and ate a hearty supper impressing his attendants with the voraciousness of his appetite. During the next few days he was very communicative persisting in keeping up a running conversation on all sorts of subjects. Persons in the room who had known him since the time of the sunstroke say that he talked more during the first night of wakefulness than he had during the six years preceding. He was awake almost all the time for the next ten days and gained flesh and spirits rapidly. On the evening of the tenth day he again became morose and sleepy took to his bed and slept almost continually for a month. Then a brain fever set in and soon put a period to his existence.—St Louis Republican.

Trees with Large Leaves.

Trees of the palm family have larger leaves than any others. The Iraja palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon has leaves which reach a length of from thirty to fifty feet and are ten or twelve feet in breadth. Specimens of the leaves of the Talipot palm a native of Ceylon have been met with that were twenty feet long and eighteen feet broad. These leaves are used by the natives to make tents and form very efficient shelters from the rain. The leaves of the double cocoanut palm are often thirty feet long and several feet wide. When the wind is strong they clash together with a noise that may be heard at a great distance. Only one leaf is produced each year and they are so firmly attached to the stem of the tree and so strong in themselves that a man may sit on the end of one and rock to and fro in perfect safety.—Scientific American.

Origin of a Familiar Phrase.

That familiar phrase in the Episcopal burial service, "In the midst of life we are in death," is derived from a Latin antiphon composed by Notken, a monk of St Gall, in 911 while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martins Bruecke, in peril of their lives.—St Louis Republic.

Mail is now carried between New York and San Francisco in 113 hours.

TYPOGRAPHICAL MISHAPS.

Some of the Mirth Provoking Contortions Indulged in by Types.

A Chicago writer described an exquisite as one "whose manners would adorn a drawing room," but the unthinking compositor made it read, "whose manners would alarm a drowning man."

The Cincinnati Enquirer once created a genuine sensation by stating in display type, that a gang of American counterfeiters had been 'shaving the queen," when 'shoving the queer' was evidently what was intended.

One of the worst instances of misprints caused by bad chirography was where the heading 'A honeymoon cut short' was printed in full face as 'A Hungarian cut-throat.'

Another equally disagreeable blunder, to the parties interested was where a distinguished traveler was reported as having recently died in the richness of sin." The paper however, apologized for this candid admission on the following day, by saying that what the editor intended to write was 'the interior of Asia."

Perhaps no newspaper writer was ever more disturbed by a trifle than was the society reporter who, in describing the belle of a recent fashionable party, intended to say 'she looked an fait' but found that an unfeeling blacksmith had made it, "she looked all feet."

Of all editorial writers, Horace Greeley was most noted for illegible copy. On one occasion the "modern Franklin" penned something about 'Suburban journalism advancing, but the type setter thinking it one of his famous agricultural articles launched out wildly with the words, "Superb Jerusalem artichokes."

It is somewhat singular how often the omission of a single seemingly insignificant letter will alter the entire meaning of a sentence. For instance, several errors are recorded where the letter 'n' has been omitted from the word "window" invariably placing a "widow" in some embarrassing position as where, on the occasion of a street pageant a gentleman unwittingly advertised 'several widows for hire" and the even worse blunder, in a religious paper, which gratefully recorded the fact that 'Mr —— had very generously placed a stained glass widow in the church at ——."

Errors of substitution are usually caused by bad distribution, or by letters dropping into an adjoining box in an over full case of type. That the letters "o" and "a" are so frequently transposed is due to the fact that these letters are kept in adjoining boxes, and the same rule holds good with regard to other vowels and most frequently used letters. An error of this description recently occurred in an article by the present writer, where an allusion to the time honored tune of 'Yankee Doodle" was printed as "Yankee Boodle." The proof reader who allowed this error to pass evidently hailed from Canada, and considered the new title as more suggestive and appropriate to the present day.

A poem in the Somerville (Mass.) Journal once contained this remarkable stanza:

Who took me from my childhood's home,
And said he'd love me all alone
And for my sacrifice atone?
Dickinson! My husband.

'Dickinson" was not the husband's name, it was simply a quadrat in wrong side up, showing the maker's name, which is usually stamped on the bottom of type.

We will close our citations of some of the blunders of typography by mentioning what is perhaps the most important printer's blunder on record. It is said, on the authority of the historian Kinglake, that it was the intention of Louis Napoleon to call himself simply Napoleon, and that the title, Napoleon III was due solely to an error of the types. Just before the coup d'etat a minister of the home office busy preparing public sentiment wrote: Que le mot d'ordre soit vive Napoleon! The printer took the exclamations for 'III" and so the proclamation went out was copied by the press, and incorporated in public speech. It was no time for explanations, and so the nephew of his uncle adopted the title.—Charles F. Adams in Epoch.

Celery.

It is strange that so healthful a vegetable as celery should be used so little, for while in season it ought to be used like any other sensonable green thing. The celery glass, with its bouquet of vivid green, is a bright, attractive ornament to the dinner table. The majority of people never think of eating it in any way but its raw state yet there are ways in which it may be served that are much more palatable.

Boiled or steamed celery is very nice. Cut up the stalks into inch pieces put in a saucepan and add just enough water to cover the whole. Throw in a little salt and let boil until soft but not enough so that it falls to pieces. Drain off the water, put the vegetable into a dish, and while hot serve with butter.

Creamed celery is very nice. Cut in inch pieces and cover with milk, to which when boiling add salt and a small piece of butter. Serve hot. This way of cooking celery is delicious.

The green stalks and leaves usually thrown away are all useful. Cut the stalks into small bits and use them for flavoring soups, broths etc. Put the leaves into a pan or dish and place in the oven to dry. Watch them that they do not burn and when dry crumble them and place away in a wide-mouthed bottle and keep closely covered. This will be found good for flavoring soups when the celery is out of the market. Celery seed is good to keep in the house for flavoring, and celery salt is, to many, a necessary condiment.

This plant is a great nervine and those suffering from any nervous trouble are much benefited by a liberal use of it. It is also recommended for rheumatism, some authorities going so far as to say that when freely eaten it is a sure cure for this painful disease.—Boston Budget.

Rushlights.

In the summer the very old and the very young, with other feeble persons, were employed in cutting rushes, the best kind for candle making being the common soft juncus conglomeratus. These grow best by river banks and in marshy pastures. The longest and plumpest were selected and deprived of the outer green covering, a process facilitated by first steeping them in water. One very narrow strip alone was left from top to bottom as a support for the pith, or two if the dip was intended for a night light, when it burned slowly and with a feeble flame. After being peeled the rushes were bleached on the grass and then dried in the sun.

Six pounds of grease were allowed to a pound of rushes, these last required to cool between each immersion in the boiling fat and were dipped again and again until of sufficient size. Where bees were kept, a small quantity of wax was added to the tallow, the candles acquiring greater consistency thereby but mutton fat was considered to answer the same purpose. The rushlights thus formed burned from half an hour to forty minutes on an average. A curiously shaped candlestick was used to hold them, and similar ones are still employed for the purpose by some of the Connaught peasants. Machine made candles, however, are now so cheap and paraffine oil is in such general use, that only in the remotest districts does one see a home made rushlight.—Blackwood's Magazine.

It is well known that practice in looking at distant objects improves the eyesight. In the test for color blindness among the engineers of the New Jersey Central road it was found that the oldest man in the service had the best sight for long distance purposes and was better able to distinguish the various shades and colors.

THE SNAKE CATCHER.

OLD ZACHARY ARCHER OF THE STORM KING MOUNTAIN.

Bagging and Trapping Slippery Serpents as a Means of Livelihood—Difference Between the Methods of Winter and Summer—His One Eyed Old Dog Viper.

In a little hut on the side of the great Storm King Mountain, in the Hudson Highlands, far above the river and about an equal distance below the loftiest pinnacle of the towering hill lives old Zachary Archer, who supports his wife and himself, the only inhabitants of the cabin, by catching snakes. The cottage is not visible from above or below in summer time.

The thick foliage of the trees and the dense undergrowth which rises almost to the level of its low roof, effectually conceal it, and as the old man has an insurmountable objection to a fire in the kitchen in the warm weather, and makes his wife walk two miles every day to a small cave to cook their food, which is always eaten cold, no floating smoke betrays the presence of their dwelling. But at this season when the mountain trees have partly withdrawn the curtains that covered it, while the gorse and brushwood are cowering close to the ground as if for warmth, the desolate little building is very conspicuous. No other house is near it, and it is a picture of loneliness.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The venerable snake catcher does not like it in the winter months, and passes as much time as he can away from it leaving his wife and the snakes to keep each other company. They hibernate together, the serpents sleeping in the cold back room and the old woman dozing before the wood fire, which burns night and day when the snow is on the ground. Old Zack, as he is usually called, is generally pursuing his slippery trade or doing his share of slumbering before a barroom stove in one of the numerous small villages or settlements at the foot of the mountain. He was engaged in the latter avocation a few days ago when the reporter aroused him and asked him how he felt. He said he was well, but rheumatic, and added that the reptile business was brisk.

"It's always a sight safer in winter than in summer," he said when he had taken something to wash down his sleepiness, "and though I don't get as many snakes I like it better. In summer the rattlers and the copperheads stand a chance of catchin' you instead of your trappin them. You see, they're always wide awake and keepin' their eyes peeled for danger. I can find them ready enough, but to get them into the leather bag I carry is a horse of another color. I have all sort of ways of catchin' them. Sometimes I set traps for them, and that's a heap the safest way. The trap is only an open basket with a lot of red flannel inside. Snakes, unless they're disturbed will always go back to their old sleepin ground when the sun is high. When I find a snake track I follow it until I come either to the serpent or his bed. If it's the serpent, I try to pin his neck to the ground with a forked stick that I carry. That's mighty dangerous work if he's a rattler, for I must go very close to him and if I miss him at the first jab I'll be apt to be closer in a second. However, I never missed yet, and I don't suppose I ever will now. I'm that experienced. When I have him down I take him with my hand, close behind the fork so that he can't turn his head to bite me and drop him into the bag. But if the snake I'm after has gone to bed, and I don't find him I go back about fifty yards along the track, and lay the basket down with the lid open. Then I hunt more serpents. When I come to the basket again, in two hours or so I creep up from behind and slam the cover shut. The snake is generally inside mixed up with the flannel. He's found the place too comfortable to get out of it in a hurry. The serpent may be the wisest beast of the field but he's a luxurious cuss and he don't value his life nowhere as compared with his comfort.

'When I find a hole with snake marks about its mouth I just hang a running noose of catgut over it and fasten the single end to a stick like a fishing rod. Then I put a lump of soft bread soaked in milk before the hole, and, goin back I hold the rod in my hand. Nearly all snakes are dead set on milk, and the smell of the bait is pretty sure to draw the one I'm after out of the hole. He must pass his head through the loop to reach the bread and when he does that I jerk the rod tighten the noose and I have him. It's just like fishin'.

'Then there's my dog, Viper. He catches a lot of snakes and helps me to catch more. In the summer when he finds a snake he'll walk around him until he makes him dizzy trying to keep his ugly eyes pinted at the danger. At last he'll either drop his head or make a turn the other way to take the kinks out of his body. Then Viper is on him as quick as a wink. He grabs him by the back of the neck out of reach of his fangs, and brings him to me without hurting him. In the winter he can't catch the snakes himself but he leads me to holes in trees and other snug places where they lie. Just to be on the safe side, I push a stick into their bedrooms first but they're always as good as dead they're so sound asleep and I can pull them out with my hand, covered with a thick cloth glove. I have to use a good deal of other to stupefy my snakes when I'm movin them from one box or bag to an other.

Who buys my serpents? Well, I'll tell you. Circuses and small museums as well as old fossils of naturalists who are always want in curiosities, and when I catch a snake with two heads, or two tails which I do about three times a year I get a good price—often as much as $100—for him. The common reptiles are worth only a few dollars each. Hello, here's Viper. Where have you been sir? There's no snakes down here you know."

An ill looking dog, with only one eye, trotted up to the stove and lay down before his master. His worth as a serpent chaser may have been above estimate, but his market value was clearly below par.—New York Sun.

Chances of Life.

Some very interesting statistics respecting the death rate of the French troops stationed in the different colonies have just been supplied to the Academy of Science by Dr Lagneau, says a Paris correspondent. The mortality of the soldiers in the mother country averages from 9 to 11 per 1,000. In Algeria it ranges from 11 to 12 per 1,000, and in Tunis it is merely a fraction higher. In Cochin China, however, the death rate doubles and at Pondicherry it trebles the normal rate in France, while in Tonquin in 1883 it attained the figure of 90 per 1,000, nor is this all, for many soldiers sent home invalided either die on the journey or after France has been reached. Senegal and Guiana are extremely unhealthy colonies. In the former the mortality among the troops averages 73 per 1,000, while in the latter in bad years it has attained the terrible figure of 237 per 1,000. In Reunion, where the mean death rate is 29 per 1,000 it rose during the Madagascar expedition to 143 per 1,000. On the other hand Otaheite and New Caledonia are even more healthy than the mother country, the mortality being estimated at only 8 to 9 per 1,000.—Boston Herald.

The World's Great Railroads.

The four greatest railways in the world in respect to mileage are The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system, 7,530 miles, the Pennsylvania railroad system, 7,530 miles, the Missouri Pacific system, 7,115 miles, the Chicago and Northwestern system, 7,082 miles. The Canadian Pacific system comes only eighth in the list with 4,960 miles.—New York Telegram.

A KISS.

Something made of nothing tasting very sweet;
A most delicious compound, with ingredients complete,
But it, as on occasion, the heart and mind are sour,
It has no great significance, it loses half its power.

Something made of nothing and never twice the same,
Though 'tis known in every country where love has had a name.
It is clearly meant for giving, though 'tis sometimes bought and sold
And, like coffee and potatoes, is not so good when cold.

It oft appeases discord when words have failed to please,
Whether bestowed caressingly or given just to tease.
For a laugh will often save one from doing something worse,
And the lips that taste the sweetness are seldom heard to curse.

'Tis the strangest oddest mixture this something made of naught
Which is never seen or handled although 'tis often caught
Which will not spoil in keeping whatever be the clime
For this something made of nothing will stand the test of time.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Scheming Esquimaux.

I have had a great deal of experience in whaling in the Northern seas, and as a result, I never credit any stories as to what the Esquimaux, or natives, have seen. They can see anything that any body wants them to see and will do so for a small quantity of bread or provisions. They are frequently employed on whaling vessels, being picked up at the beginning of the season and dropped when the vessels are returning, or, if the weather is too severe carried on to San Francisco and returned at the beginning of the next season. In this way many of them have learned to speak English, but in twenty two seasons' experience in whaling I have never found it to do them any good. One instance as to their reliability will be sufficient. I had one of four vessels caught in the ice, and I had to work my way 130 miles through it. Mine was the only boat that got through, though I took the crew off of one of the others and the crew of another found their way to safety and were picked up. The fourth boat, however, has never been heard of, nor has any of her crew. The next season we took a large amount of provisions, and were on the lookout for any of the crew or the boat. We were boarded by an intelligent native, who told us of three ships off a point and away into the ice. There were men on two of them, while the other was uninhabited. The story was told in a remarkably straight manner, and impressed us with its truth. One of our ships a steamer, was loaded up and sent off on the perilous trip, while the native was sent away rejoicing with a heavy load of bread provisions. The story, though, was found to be a myth. The native had been carried to San Francisco had there heard of the loss of the ships, and had made his story to fit even to the point of having one of the ships abandoned, as we had taken her crew off.—Ocean Captain in Globe-Democrat.

A Beautiful Definition.

A dear child called Mary Cooper had read her allotted piece with such appropriate emphasis and such sympathy of expression that the inspector said to her in his kind sincere manner "That was really beautiful, my child! And now" he added 'if you can tell me the meaning of that word turf' I shall give you my very best mark." Meanings of words are mountains of difficulty to some children and the tears almost started to Mary's eyes because she realized that the inspector had chanced to drop on a word whose meaning she had not lately studied. Poor child! I wonder how often she had frolicked and tripped over nature's emerald carpeting! Possibly never! But Mary had plenty of determination she felt that her very life almost depended on giving an answer and she lost no time in exercising her little brain to the utmost for some kind of a definition and just as the inspector was saying "Well never mind, child I will pass on" she eagerly exclaimed "Turf is grass and clean dirt stuck together by God." A most excellent definition" said the inspector "in fact the answer I looked for was not nearly so precise as that. You have gained my highest mark.—Longman's Magazine.

The Gentle Japanese.

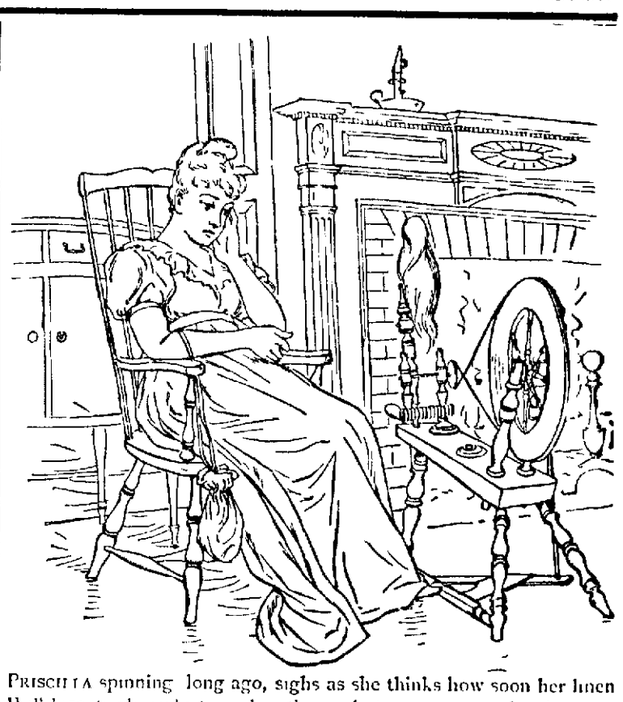
As illustrating his claim that the Japanese are a more civilized people than the Americans a gentleman at a recent Boston dinner table cited Professor Morse's statement that if in a Japanese city, one picks up a stone to throw at a dog the dog does not run because he has never had a stone thrown at him and does not know what the action means. 'Manifestly" comments the Boston Transcript, if such a state of universal gentleness and kindness prevails in Japan that not even a stone is thrown at a dog by a boy the fact is to be taken as an excellent item of evidence in making out a case of high civilization for the Japanese. And it is a significant fact that it was resolved for our own European American civilization to introduce the completest refinements of cruelty to animals."—Detroit Free Press.

An Opal Story.

Good fortune goes with the opal. Last Christmas the wife of a well known coffee broker made him a present of a scarf pin set with an opal. At the time he had a mortgage on his house, his business was in a desperate condition, he was threatened with paresis. Pretty soon coffee began to rise. It kept going up. He cleared a handsome sum, paid off the mortgage and had a substantial balance left. Some one slipped the pin out of his scarf one day in a crowd. The very next day he fell down stairs and broke two ribs, his wife upset a bottle of purple ink all over his new summer suit, his little boy played truant from school and got arrested for tying a package of fire crackers to a dog's tail, the parlor maid smashed the new chandelier, one of the horses developed glanders, the hired man upset a ladle of molten lead down his boot leg, the gas meter man brought in a bill of 767,000 feet for the month, the cook set the house on fire with a pan of melted grease and moths got in the new parlor carpet. The owner was distracted and sent for two detectives. The opal was found the next day in a pawnshop. He recovered it just in time to get out of the coffee market before the panic. Talk about horse shoes and four leaved clovers, they count for nothing in comparison to the luck in an opal.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Funny Things They See.

We met with many singular occurrences down here. You see we are right in the center of the body of the traveling public, and are thrown into contact with people from all over the world. I had an amusing adventure with an Italian yesterday. The man could not speak a word of English and when he approached me held up his left hand and made a sharp stroke of the other as though striking a match. I pointed to the cigar lighter but he shook his head and put his fingers in his vest pocket indicating that he wanted a box of matches. I threw out a box, which he placed in his pocket and then laid out a copper one cent piece in payment. I took up the copper shook my head and took a nickel from the drawer and placed it before him. He quietly took up the nickel, put it in his pocket and started away. We had considerable difficulty in making him understand that the meal was the amount I wanted in payment, and was not change for the copper.—Union Depot Newsman in Kansas City Journal.



PRISCILLA spinning long ago, sighs as she thinks how soon her linen
Will lose its glossy luster, when the wash it once or twice has been in.
She does not know that in the *soap* the evil lies that makes her suffer.
Its great excess of alkali, which eats the fiber, makes it rougher.

Our modern maidens need not sigh since IVORY SOAP has been invented,
Containing no free alkali—by which the ruin is prevented.
For linen washed with IVORY SOAP in snowy beauty'll never diminish,
But always while it lasts preserve its pristine gloss and lustrous finish.

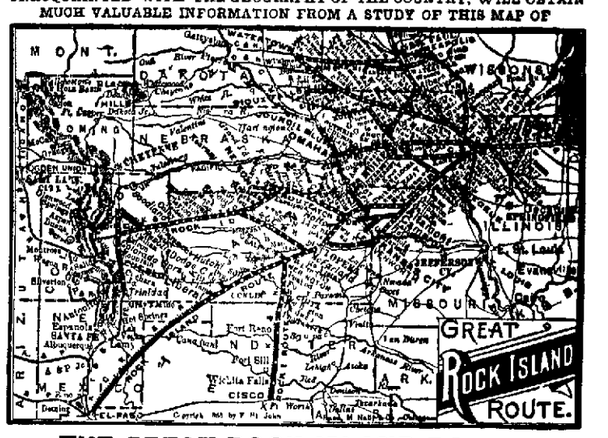
A WORD OF WARNING

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright 1882 by Procter & Gamble.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

(Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Rys.)

Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Winterset, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA—Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St Joseph, and Kansas City in MISSOURI—Beatrice, Fairbury, and Nelson in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to older States and to all towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and trans-oceanic Seaports.

SOLID FAST VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

Of Palace Coaches—leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodations—run through daily between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and between Chicago and Kansas City. Elegant Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (FREE), and Palace Sleeping Cars. California Excursions daily. Choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco and intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and transfers in Union Depots.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RACE TIPPE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1889.

Work of the Fiftieth Congress.

The first session of the congress that has just closed was the longest in our history. It began the first Monday in December, 1887, and was in session continuously till Oct. 20, 1888. It adjourned then, pending the presidential election. The second, or short session, began the first Monday in December, 1888, and expired by limitation March 4, 1889.

Much time was spent during both sessions over the tariff. First the house passed the Mills bill, reducing the revenues about $40,000,000. The bill then went to the senate. In the senate all of it was stricken out after the enacting clause and another bill substituted.

The second bill also reduced the tariff, but some millions less than that of the house had done. The bill was then returned to the house for further action. The house raised the point that by striking out all the Mills bill after the enacting clause, and substituting another, the senate had trespassed that article of the United States constitution which declares that bills for revenue must originate in the house of representatives. The senate bill was therefore claimed by the Democratic majority to be unconstitutional and the house refused to concur. One or two tariff bills were introduced into the house in the closing days of the session, but no action was taken. The tariff question is thus left by the Fiftieth congress as it found it.

There were introduced into the house during the congress just expired 17,890 bills, resolutions and reports; into the the senate 6,852. Of all this number 1,791 became laws.

Most of the acts are of local interest. Of those which have a general importance the principal ones are the law admitting four new states to the Union and that making the commissioner of agriculture a cabinet officer, with the title of secretary. Among others are the granting of the Nicaragua canal charter, the act authorizing government to condemn sites for public buildings, reducing the price of passports from $5 to $1, restricting Chinese immigration and raising the age of consent in the District of Columbia to 10 years. The Fiftieth congress also strengthened the interstate commerce law, appropriated half a million to the legal representatives of James B. Eads for work on the jetties, and $250,000 to enable the president to protect the interests of the United States in Panama.

An act from which important favorable results for the United States may flow was that authorizing the president to arrange a conference with the South and Central American republics, with a view to closer commercial relations. Out of this authorization has grown the Three Americas conference, which meets in Washington in October.

A favorable concession to the live stock interests of the country is the law passed by this congress admitting free of duty animals imported for breeding purposes. Another law establishes a government department of labor. Pensions for utter deafness have been increased to $30 a month. The maximum amount of international postal orders has been increased from $50 to $100.

Gens. Rosecrans, A. J. Smith and W. F. Smith have been placed on the retired list of the army. Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Frank P. Blair have been pensioned.

The Oklahoma territorial bill failed at last.

Glory has many penalties. Every club, every military company, and every regiment that went to Washington to the inauguration was attended by a band, brass or otherwise. And every band marched straight to the White House grounds and poured out one or more tunes. Sometimes two or three tooted forth at once, different airs, to give variety to the scene. Now a brass band wailed its sufferings in the pouring rain, while a rival over the way told its tortures on the tomtom and the bass viol, and across by the treasury building the itinerant Italian ground harmony from the inwards of his piano on wheels. Great is music! No wonder the clouds wept.

It would be very convenient just now if Canada were already annexed to the United States. In the territory drained by the Yukon river, in Alaska, valuable gold mines have been discovered. There is a dispute as to the boundary line between British America and the United States at this point. British Columbia claims the ground in which the richest of the gold diggings are situated, and the question is one yet to be settled. Coal mines have also been discovered in the Yukon region, and it abounds in rich fur bearing animals. There is here the possibility for a grave international trouble.

The New York Trade school recently graduated fifty-three finished plumbers in one class. If the school has succeeded in educating a conscience into them, housekeeping in cities will be robbed of half its terrors.

The United States house of representatives died March 4. The senate, however, holds an extra session to dispose of such nominations or other business as President Harrison may lay before it.

Nor for many a year before, till the Riddleberger scene, has a United States senator in full session been arrested and forcibly conveyed from the chamber by the sergeant-at-arms.

Sir Charles Russell, Parnell's counsel, will now take rank as the greatest lawyer in Great Britain.

Political parties ought to be accomodated in West Virginia. The state now has two governors—one Democratic, the other Republican.

The annual crop of alligators in Florida is growing steadily less. In another generation the alligator will probably be as scarce as the buffalo.

The Fiftieth congress disposed of more bills than any of its predecessors. The business of the country is increasing so greatly that it is suggested as a measure of relief that pension claims of all kinds should be disposed of by a tribunal for the purpose without the necessity of their coming before congress at all.

There is at least one historic umbrella. It is that which Col. Cunaday held over President Harrison while he read his inaugural address. The artist who represents the scene on canvas must depict that umbrella, with the rain dripping off its ribs. It may not be imposing, but it will be true to history. There never yet was an umbrella large enough to shelter two men. In the historic painting the sense of the ludicrous will struggle with the pathos of the situation, as the beholder gazes on the picture of two stout men beneath one umbrella, the rain trickling down both their sad necks, while the smaller man reads grandly from his damp manuscript the words: "Let us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions."

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Are You Going West? If You Are Read This.

The lines of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway extend through Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota and Missouri. They own and operate 5,700 miles of railroad, and have all the latest improvements, vestibule trains, steam heat, electric lights &c. At St. Paul connections are made with all lines to the northwest; at Council Bluffs for points in Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and California; at Kansas City, with lines running through Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California. If you intend going west, write or call on John R. Pott, Traveling Passenger Agent, No. 486 William street, Williamsport, Pa. Name the place you want to go to and you will be furnished with maps, time tables, rates of fare &c, free of charge.

—To those respecting the usages of the season Lent brings with it many denials to the world of fashion and amusement. For forty days and nights to them the pleasures of public entertainments, dinners, teas and parties must be abstained from. And even the diet, where conscience prevails, will not be lost sight of. It is a season, however, for serious reflection, such as the moral as well as the material man needs for comparative quiet and devotion. The two-score days will have soon faded from the calendar and then the world of wealth and fashion will be agog in searching the charts of summer all resorts for favorite hiding places.

—General Neal Dow, the patriarchal Prohibitionist of Portland, is very severe when he declares of that cold water city that "the churches, groggshops and brothels all stand together in opposing Prohibition."

—The Bell Telephone Company is reported to have paid 18 per cent. on its $10,000,000 of watered stock last year and to have lots of money left.

—There are so few unmarried women in Queensland, Australia, that their life is made a burden by proposals of marriage.

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*Do you suffer with chilblains?—I certify to the prompt relief obtained from the use of Salvation Oil for chilblains, and do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cure I ever tried. H. HOOD,
749 W. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

"What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?" and yet a hard vexing cough is cut all to bits with one bottle of Dr Bull's Cough Syrup, the favorite.

—The last number of The West Shore Magazine is one of much interest, its special engravings and descriptions embracing the cities of Vancouver and Pomeroy, both in the new state of Washington and Albany, one of the flourishing cities of the Willamette valley. Vancouver, on the Lower Columbia, and Pomeroy, in the Palouse region, south of Snake river, are typical representatives of those two widely divergent sections of Washington, the heavily timbered and the treeless prairie, both of them extremely fertile and attracting many settlers. The number also contains descriptive articles of the Tillamook region, Oregon, the Skagit valley, Washington, and the Salmon river region, Idaho, and articles on the subject of grain elevators, fish propagation, etc. Of special interest is the first half of a strong story of Mormonism, entitled "Out of Zion," and the first part of "A Story of Klamath" in pioneer days. Accompanying the number is a large art supplement of Hotel Denny, made from the plans of the new Pacific coast. Published by L. Samuel, Portland, Oregon, at $2 50 per year. If you want to see a magazine that is brim full of valuable information about Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, send twenty-five cents for a sample copy.

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*DON'T DESPAIR. If you are weak and weary from so called chronic disease, don't give up. Sulphur Bitters has given hope to many invalids, where hitherto there was nothing but despair. It will build up and renew your whole system.—Editor Weekly American.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

—The Popular Science Monthly for April will contain a scientific explanation of the power to ensnare the human mind possessed by the leading delusion of the present day. The article is by Prof Joseph Jastrow, and is entitled "The Psychology of Spiritualism." It contains accounts of the manifestations by the Fox sisters, Dr. Slade, Englinton and other mediums, all of which have been proved to be "gross intentional fraud throughout."

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*EVERYBODY LIKES to be called handsome, especially the young ladies. But that is simply impossible as long as their face is covered with pimples, blotches and sores. But wait, there is no need of this; one or two bottles of Sulphur Bitters will remove all such disfigurations, and make your face fair and rosy.—Fannie Bell, Editress

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*MARCH APRIL MAY are the months in which to purify the blood, as the system is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Hence now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, a medicine peculiarly adapted for the purpose, possessing peculiar curative powers. It expels every impurity from the blood, and also gives it vitality and richness. It creates an appetite, tones the digestion, invigorates the liver, and gives new life and energy to every function of the body. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is peculiarly the best blood purifier and spring medicine.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

ELEANOR KIRK'S GOSSIP.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 11, 1889.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—No mistress of the White House was ever kinder to reporters of her own sex than Mrs. Harrison has been. She has often given them valuable points, and by her willingness to enter into details has helped many a bright writer to a better position. The profession feel very much like wearing deep mourning at this crisis

"How do you think Mrs Harrison will treat you?" I asked one of the scribbling sisterhood.

"She will be kind, I am sure," was the somewhat lugubrious response, "but she can never be Frankie."

Mrs. Harrison is too old to be enthused by a new costume, and she will naturally feel that her time can be more profitably spent than by helping a reporter along with a description of a dress. Mrs. Cleveland did not sacrifice an iota of her dignity by that charming free-masonry expressed by a glance, or a gesture, or a peculiar purse of her lips which we came to translate as "wait a minute," "don't be discouraged," and if we girls felt that she would sometimes prefer to talk informally with us than to entertain the high and mighty ones of the earth, that feeling didn't hurt her and did us "a heap of good."

—

Much indignation is felt among Mrs. Harrison's friends at the picture of that lady's bustle in a recent issue of the New York Sun. One of the papers calls it "Low Cut Journalism," and a meeting has been called by a prominent society woman of New York to protest against such gossip concerning people in high places. It may show a depraved taste on the part of American women to want to know whether or not the wife of the President of the United States is to wear a bustle, but the fact remains that they do crave such knowledge. This being the case, they naturally desire information as to size and shape. Viewed in this light, the cut in question resolves itself simply into a desire on the part of the management of the newspaper to furnish the kind of news their fashionable feminine readers would be particularly interested in. But after all is said and done, it leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and Mrs. Harrison may be pardoned for crying out in troubled tones, "Deary me, Benjamin, what next?"

—

Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett is also a very angry woman. Her letter in the Critic denying that she wears "Kate Greenaway frocks," cuts right and left. Whether it will have any effect upon the "newspaper gossips," as Mrs. Burnett dubs the reporters, is doubtful. The costumes fine gentlemen invent for public women are sometimes very comical. The ordinary male reporter does not know a Kate Greenaway from a Jeness Miller or a Directoire, and so, as he must have his subjects dressed in something, and there is no feminine friend at his elbow to set him right, he rings the changes on the names he has picked up, and lo! and behold, Mrs. Burnett's costumes fit neither her figure nor her temper, and the air is thick with maledictions.

Apropos of bustles, it may be as well to state that they are not generally worn, and the few who still affect them provide themselves with very small ones. Some ladies consider the hollow of the back a natural deformity, and use every means to hide it. Hence the longevity of the bustle. Reeds are not in use at all, and it is quite time that these stiff, unwieldy, wobbling things were consigned to oblivion.

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Mr. Wedworth Wadsworth, our most distinguished artist in water colors, proves to be a poet with the pen as well as the brush. He has just issued a couple of Easter booklets—"The Carol of the Birds" and "The Song of the Bells." The poetry is not only sweet and inspiring, showing a most thorough and delicate appreciation of nature in all her moods, but is also of a high literary order. These dainty volumes are most beautifully illustrated by Harriet Webster Fowler. Our Easter literature has certainly received a rare and valuable addition. The publishers are Oliphcher Brothers, Munich and New York.

—

Mrs. Rumtz Rees, the founder and secretary of the now famous "Kindly Club," is having considerable success and making many converts to the creed of the Club, which is, that the members shall never indulge in scandal or harmful gossip. Mrs. Rumtz Rees gives afternoon lectures, or, more properly speaking, informal talks at the houses of the members of the Club. On these occasions opportunity is offered for all who wish to express their thoughts. Questions are asked and answered, and the sin of backbiting and censorious criticism is shown in all its enormity. Mrs. Rumtz Rees has also been asked to read another paper at the monthly meeting of Sorosis. Applications are constantly made to the Club from persons thrown out of employment, and in many instances work has been provided.

—

Miss Marietta Holly—Josiah Allen's wife—has put her "shoulder blades to the wheel" in a very practical fashion. She is fitting up a new house at Adams, N. Y., and intends to entertain the coming summer a number of sewing-girls. There are to be four or five sets in succession. This is a noble work, and it is to be hoped that her example will be followed by other women who have houses and money at command.

—

Two steamers of the Clyde line now leave each week for Charleston, Jacksonville and all Southern points. The passenger accommodations are not excelled by any other coasting steamers. The cuisine is equal to that of the best hotels. On account of the mildness of the winter that is past, fewer people than usual have sought warmer climates, but the prophecy of the clerk of the weather in reference to the expected rigors of March and April has had a marked effect upon spring travel. The new steamship of this line, the Iroquois, is without doubt the finest vessel ever built for the coast-wise trade. Competent marine authorities say that her lines are finer than any ship of recent construction, and that above all she is absolutely safe from fire, water, or anything

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The Boston Advertiser says that "the Boston business girl is not afraid of a man, and doesn't bother her head about catching one, and regards men as they do each other, in perfect equality and with perfect confidence." So does every sensible girl everywhere, Mr. Advertiser. This specimen of common sense does not belong exclusively to Boston, though Boston has every reason to be proud of the fact that her girls were among the first to dignify and ennoble woman's work. The fact that the Boston girls were proud to be stenographers, typewriters, designers, modistes, dressmakers, clerks and what not, made it easier for other girls to cross the threshold of home and step out into the wide, wide world. Now, thank heaven, it is not only not a disgrace for a girl to earn an independent livelihood, but it is a disgrace to depend upon others if there is anything in life that she can do.

—

A correspondent writes from Louisville that her dressmaker declares that "dress skirts are to be very long this spring—in fact, really fashionable skirts will touch the ground both before and behind," and wishes to know if this does not rather contradict my statement of a week ago? There are certain extremists who are endeavoring to push this detestable style into prominence, but none but fools will adopt it, on account of its nastiness and inconvenience. The prevailing style for both spring and summer is to be what is called the "Swing Clear." Mud is to be left in the street where it belongs, and carpets will continue to be swept by brooms. ELEANOR KIRK.

Always Young.

Why is my wife so precious in my sight?
Is it because her eyes are always bright,
And grace and modesty are in her air?
Neither, believe me, though she's very fair,
She says, and says it with an earnest diction:
"This growing old, I find, is all a fiction,
Since fortune sent me 'Favorite Prescription.'"

Dr. Pierce's famous remedy of that name is, indeed, a perfect specific for "female weakness," and kindred ailments. By druggists.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

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*Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself and superior to all other preparations in strength, economy, and medicinal merit.

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*THE PERFECTION of the age in the medical line is the liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. It is agreeable to the taste, acceptable to the stomach, harmless in its nature, painless yet prompt and thorough in its action. John K. Young 55 Bath St., agent for Bristol.

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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*Dr. Theel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined. The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter. Office 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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*Excellent rag carpet for sale at a bargain at the Ark.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

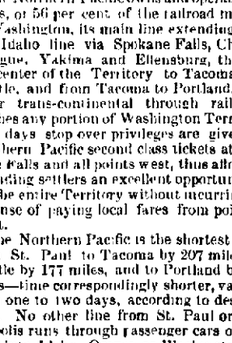
The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, March 4, 1889.

Here's a Cashmere that we never had the like of before under $1. The price is 75c. Lift a fold; every ounce of the weight comes from good, fine wool honestly put together. Try the yard-stick; 46 inches, plump. Test the dye; every shade shows as evenly as sunshine on a quiet pool. Sixty-seven of the newest tints.

A fit fellow for the famous 65c Cashmere at 50c.

Gloriosa; shimmering, irridescent, delicate Gloriosa shares the counter with Printed Challis and Mohairs—like a bit of the city amid pastures and hayfields. 48 inches wide, $1.50. Such a jump into your liking as Gloriosa took! Favorite shades went in a twinkling. We've mended the assortment.

Sixty-four styles and colorings of 75c Side Band Stuffs. The Spring shades, of course. Maybe a dozen varieties of border. A word must do. 42 inches wide.

Let two of the newest plain stuffs stand for perhaps a thousand:

1—Fifty-inch, fine, all-wool French Surah Cloth at $1. Weave like Surah Silk. Wonderfully fine and firm. 12 shades. A stuff that you've only begun to hear of.

2—A grand, 48-inch Foule at 75c. 14 colorings.

The Irishman now, with his Linen Lawns, is in the wild chase of color in dress goods stuffs. The Italian with his delicately shaded silk Roman Sashes, and the Frenchman with his wonderful colors in wool, that are chased hard by the Scot and his Ginghams, who in turn is pressed at all points by the Yankee, and now here comes the Irishman and shouts, away with your wool, your silk, your cotton; it's Erin's own flax that beats you all in cloth and color. But you'll take your choice amid all the din.

126 styles of Irish Lawns are here, some printed, others woven, 22 to 30 cents, and four grades plain, 22 to 40 cents; dazzling, perfect white, sheer.

If there had not been "A Princess of Thule" there would not have been a Sheila Curtain. When William Black named his heroine he put a trade-word into the mouth of the civilized world.

A stuff worthy the "Princess." Smoother, silkier, more lustrous than Chenille. Graceful in substance and delicate in tints. Whoever saw an ugly Sheila?

The new ones are ready. In all the fresh shades to match the latest carpet and wall decoration.

Nile	cream
old blue	tile
mahogany	Isabella
Cleopatra	ardoise
olive	camel

$10, $12, and $13.50 the pair.

In January we saw Vienna Chenille Curtains touch their lowest till then. Now another trade billow has tumbled in upon us a lot that beats the before best. Styles that were $10, $12 and $15, are $8 a pair.

Upholstery has that sort of bargains in twenty things.

March BOOK NEWS is ready; portrait of Frank R. Stockton and Emma Lazarus; 52 pages, 5c, 50c a year. You won't guess it's value from the price.

Whoever reads Book NEWS knows what books are worth. The bookseller wastes his time if he haggles with a "Book News" reader.

"Book News" not only keeps you informed about Books as they come from the press, but helps you to get them where ever you are, almost the same as if you were in the most liberal bookstore in the land.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 8th, 1889.

MR. J. P. MILLS,

Dear Sir:—I have used Moffat's medicines in every kind of sickness. Have always found them to be what was needed, giving relief as soon as they had time to act. I saved a child's life, when it was not quite six years old after two doctors had given it up, by powdering two of Moffat's pills, dissolving them in a little water and giving the solution as an injection, and in less than one hour he was out of danger. He is living yet and is about 40 years old. Having used Moffat's medicines since June 1888 I think I ought to be entitled to wholesale prices. Anybow please send me, by Adams Express the following, at your lowest cash price, with the bill so I can remit by return mail: 12 bottles Moffat's Bitters; 24 boxes Moffat's Pills, plain (not coated;) 2 boxes of Page's Climax Salve. Yours respectfully,

MRS. C. M. ZAPF,
Cor. Canal and Dickinson Sts.,
Princeton, Mercer Co., N. J.
P. O. Box 182.

Miscellaneous

SEEDS!

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS AGO DAVID LANDRETH commenced the business of raising GARDEN SEEDS for sale, and was the first in this country to pursue it on a systematic plan. His efforts were eminently successful—secured public confidence, and established for his produce a reputation unapproached by any other seeds sold in America. The concern thus founded has passed to the third generation, the present proprietors of Bloomsdale, with whom it has been a leading object to perpetuate the professional reputation of the founder. The establishment continues on the principles laid down by its founder, has been gradually enlarged, increasing with the growing wants of the country, and continues to be the most extensive in the Union supplying a large share of the demand in the United States, and exporting to Europe, Asia and Africa, West Indies, Mexico and Germany.

Catalogues published in seven different languages.

Our new Catalogue for 1889, containing descriptive lists of novelties and standard sorts, with 52 photographic illustrations and recipes for preparation and cooking sent free to all applicants.

D. Landreth & Sons,

Seed and Implement Warehouse,
NOS. 21 AND 23 SOUTH SIXTH ST.,
—OR—
DELAWARE AVENUE AND ARCH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in
BEST BRANDS OF
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.
No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 5th Dist. district "GARRON", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.
"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.
"DELICIOSO." Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF A—
VALUABLE WOOLEN MILL PROPERTY.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE, ON the premises, at 10 o'clock A. M., on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27th, 1889, the 12-Sett Woolen Mill and machinery known as the Livingston Mills, situate in the Borough of Bristol, Pa., on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 23 miles north of Philadelphia.

The premises embrace an entire block of ground, about 235x330 feet, with a four-story stone mill building 58x230 feet, containing 48 000 square feet of floor surface, and in addition thereto, engine and boiler house, picker and dye house, wash house, wool, storage, sorting and scouring house, machine shop and carpenter shop.

The machinery consists of a 200-HP. Corliss engine, 400-HP. boilers, 12 sets of cards, 11 S. A. mules containing 4800 spindles, 48 Knowles & Crompton broad fancy looms of the latest construction with all preparatory and finishing machinery necessary to constitute a perfect and complete woolen mill. The entire premises are provided with automatic sprinklers and a complete system of fire protection, and lighted by incandescent electric lights.

The arrangement of the mill is such as to secure the utmost economy of work, and the location is unsurpassed for supply of help and convenience of access to markets. The mill will be sold entire or in parts, as may appear most advantageous.

Manner of sale and conditions made known on day of sale. WM. H. GRUNDY, Assignee.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Radcliffe street near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.

JOSHUA BURTON

is at all times prepared to do jobs of

HAULING

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,
LEAVES BRISTOL

For Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M. Returning, leaves Chestnut street wharf at 2 o'clock P. M. Single fare 25c. Excursion 40c. Package Tickets, Monthly Tickets and Season Tickets cheap enough to induce travel. Horses and Carriages and all kinds of light freight at low rates, and carefully handled. Large shippers are invited to make special terms.

DENTILAVE Is the best thing for teeth and gums
Use it every night on a moistened brush.

DR. G. W. ADAMS,
Dentist,
No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.
☞Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)

James Warden,

Cheap for the Cash
GROCERY,
Cor. PENN AND POND STS., BRISTOL, PA.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,
No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.
Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FOR SALE.—HOUSE AND STABLE, CORNER of Torrance and Cedar Streets. Apply to CHARLES W. PEIRCE.

WILLIAM GRACE'S
New York Wall Paper Store.
A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fin goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC
BRISTOL, PA

Miscellaneous

To the Citizens of Bristol——
HAVING OPENED A
Stove & Tin Store,
COR. MILL AND POND STS.,
You will find there all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods,
——INCLUDING——
TINWARE of all kinds,
Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.
Tin Roofing and Spouting
Promptly attended to and executed in the neatest manner, with the best materials.
Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting
In all its branches. All kinds of repair work, including to Heaters, Stoves Wash Bayes, Tinware, etc., at short notice.
Water and Steam Pipes repaired.
Milk Cans made to order.
Estimates cheerfully furnished to contractors, at

LIPPINCOTT'S.
YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.
55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
We have on hand a large & well selected stock of
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Perfumery & Toilet Articles,
White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.
Agent for the sale of Pyle & Bawn's
Ready Mixed Paints.
These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.
We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

HOGUET'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1810)
By the present proprietors.
A large stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles
Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.
Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.
☞Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

DeWitt Brothers.
Buy where you can get the most for your money.
We respectfully invite EVERYBODY who purchases
Flowers
To examine our STOCK and PRICES, then look elsewhere, and buy where you can get the best Plants for the least money. All kinds of Fresh Vegetables in their season.
The best selections can be made at
DeWITT BROTHERS'
Green Houses,
POND STREET, BRISTOL.

BUYER. Persons desiring goods of any kind purchased in Philadelphia or New York can have orders promptly filled by applying to C. V. TITUS, 1113 Chelfe Street.
☞Samples on hand.

McCallum & Sloan,
1012 and 1410 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
CARPETS:
Axminster, Wilton, Moquette, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain,—
In New Designs and Colorings.
A Special Line of
PER YARD.

Wiltons at	$1.75	$2.00	$2.25
Moquette at	1.25		
Brussels at	1.00	1.10	1.25
Tapestry at	.60	.65	.75
Ingrain at	.50	.65	.75

ART SQUARES,
OIL CLOTHS,
LINOLEUMS.

PAYNE'S NORWICH CATARRH CURE
CATARRH of Nose or Throat in any stage, acute or chronic, also Hay Fever or Cold in Head, rapidly cured. High medical endorsement. A lawyer who had Catarrh 47 yrs. discovers a cure which is now given to the world. No cocaine or harmful substance. No snuff ordered. Easy, safe, agreeable. Send for circular with home testimonials. Sold by druggists, 50c.; mail, 50c.; mail, registered, $1. PAYNE & CO., ATHENS, PA.

Oculists' Orders Filled.
You think Your Eyes are Good
If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.
We Examine Eyes Free.
We use the Infallible "Diamanta" lenses which are made only by us, and are recommended by the leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.
Solid Gold Spectacles - $3.00; usual price, $5.00
Steel Spectacles, - .50; usual price, 1.00
Artificial Eyes Inserted - 1.00; usual price 1.00
M. Zineman & Bro., Opticians
No. 137 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch sold for $140, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Gibson & Co., Box 612, Portland, Maine.

2 NEW ARTICLES FOR THE PEOPLE
To introduce our new and fast-selling novelties, we will, for 30 days only, send, postpaid, on the following liberal terms: The Hat Rack, the most useful and ornamental thing in existence. Holds anywhere. Hangs your hat on a picture, mirror, or wall paper without injury. Makes every one admire it. Sells at sight. Retails for 50c. Ink Pads, the best and handiest ever made. Retail for 25c. Both articles sent for 50c. Outfit 50c. Full agents' outfit, 10c. WORLD MFG. Co., 1123 Broadway, N.Y.

$10 A DAY

Miscellaneous

EVERYTHING
IN CONNECTION WITH
Real Estate.

A. Weir Gilkeson,
Attorney at Law.
BRISTOL, PA.
SECRETARY OF THE
Bristol, Fidelity
AND
UNION BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS

Real Estate Rented and Sold,
Mortgages Negotiated.
Surveying,
Fire Insurance.

SULPHUR BITTERS
The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.
It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed without loss of time. Be wise and use the great blood purifier.
SULPHUR BITTERS. Why suffer with Boils? Why suffer with Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes your tongue coated? Your nerves are all unstrung, and head a gentle reminder that something is wrong. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass like other preparations which only TO DESTROY. They will cure you when all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses Sulphur Bitters. No one can take Sulphur Bitters without benefit. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.
The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied.
Get it of your Druggist.
DON'T WAIT, GET IT AT ONCE
If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.
Send 3 2 c

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

The Irvingston Mills will close on Wednesday next

There was a large audience at the Opera House last night

The steamboat Edwin Forrest has begun her trips on the Delaware for the season

St Perkins and his threshing machine will be at the Opera House on Saturday night

—New Hampshire goes at an 6000 majority against a prohibitory amendment to her constitution

Jonathan S Wright will build a fine dwelling house on his lot on Radcliffe street near Jefferson avenue this spring

—Rev G K Morris had a large audience at the M E Church last Thursday evening to listen to his able address on the Temperance question

—Bishop H M Turner, L L D will preach at the Wood street A M E Church, this evening at 7½ o'clock Bishop Turner is known as the great prohibitionist orator, and champion

—At a special meeting of the Bristol Baptist church held last night a call was tendered the Rev Charles F Rame, of the Crozer Theological Seminary Mr Rame will occupy the pulpit on Sunday next

—At the meeting of the Union Building Association last Monday evening 74 loans were sold at 17 cents monthly premium and at the Fidelity meeting on Tuesday evening 6 loans were sold at 16 cents monthly premium

—The indications now are that all the talk about the rich gold mines in Lower California is the outgrowth of a long contemplated scheme on the part of a land company to draw settlers to the region There is some gold just as there is in many other places

—Upon the invitation of the retiring Burgess William H Grundy the members of the out going and in coming Councils and the other officers of the borough, partook of an enjoyable banquet at the Cleaver House after the adjournment of Council on Monday evening last

—Miss Susan Ulmer, of near Upper Black Eddy, fell out of the door of her resident early one morning recently and broke one of her legs She was done at the time and crawling back into the house lay on the floor suffering great pain until the return of her husband at 7 o'clock in the evening.

—The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company is about to adopt the Pennsylvania Railroad company's system of paint on the end of wheels for passenger locomotives and others as a for freight engines This will enable station operators, switch tenders, and railroad men to know exactly what is approaching

—Edward Evans of Burlington, N J is looking for his adopted daughter, Ella Johnson Jones who ran away from home with Horace M S Cook, on Sunday The couple were traced to Bordentown where they were married by Rev O A Kerr who says the girl informed him that her parents consented to the marriage Lucas says the girl is under age and threatens to prosecute Cook for abduction

—The Intelligencer devotes a long editorial to the purchase of the Penn Home Farm, and opposes it with all its might As this is a free country, it has the right to advocate or oppose, any public measure, but there is always a question of propriety connected with such matters The Penn Home Farm, for all lovers of history, and admirers of the great founder of our Commonwealth, has an intrinsic value far beyond what the acres would sell for, for mere farming purposes Mount Vernon is of almost inestimable value as the former home, and resting place of Washington, but, if put into the market to be sold for raising corn and potatoes it would sell at a low figure To rate the value of the homes of Washington and Penn from this mercenary standpoint, is an insult to their memory. Yet the Intelligencer is equal to the occasion.—Democrat.

—At the sale of Joshua Peirce's property last Friday, Wm C Peirce bought the brick house corner of Pond street and Jefferson avenue for $6,000 George Fisher bought a house and lot on Washington street between Pond and the railroad for $1 250 John O'Neil bought four houses on Lafayette at the corner of Pear street for $2 800, and Ernest Lawrence bought a lot 100 feet square at the corner of Pond and Lafayette street for $1 850 Also another lot 47 feet front on Lafayette street at corner of Pond for $900. All the rest of the property was bought in by Mr Grandin on account of his mortgage Mr Grandin subsequently sold to Ernest Lawrence a peice of ground on the corner of Washington street and the railroad for $500, also 125 feet on Pond street for $2 000, also 60 feet on Lafayette street for $900, also 60 feet on Lincoln avenue for $1 000 Walter Leedom bought 60 feet on Lincoln avenue for $1000 and Edward M Peirce corner of the sand lot for $1,000

—The winding up of the affairs of the Burgess and Council preparatory to stepping down and making room for the new council occupied most of the time at the regular meeting last Monday The Police committee reported 9 arrests for the month The other committees had no reports to make The treasurer reported that he had received $55 from the Burgess for the unissued warrants of last year. A number of remits of taxes were granted, and a larger number than usual of warrants for arrest for non payment of taxes were directed to be issued. A resolution thanking the retiring Burgess, William H Grundy for the courtesy, ability and impartiality with which he presided over the deliberations of council was unanimously adopted. Mr Grundy in a neat speech thanked the members for their appreciation of his services, and reviewed at some length the permanent character of the improvements made in the borough in recent years. Council then adjourned

—The Oklahoma boomers have deposed Pawnee Bill for cowardice and elected Hill as leader. They have fixed the invasion for April 10, unless President Harrison throws open the territory sooner.

—The discovery of gold in Lower California is followed by the usual reports of men without means rushing there by hundreds and nearly starving. The public institution first needed in the average El Dorado is a poorhouse.

THE KINSEY-BURTON CONTROVERSY

Wm Kinsey being utterly unable to extricate himself from the unenviable position of "The wrong side of a contradiction" to which he has been brought by his reckless charges against the assessor becomes furious Having nothing to bring forward to substantiate his side of the argument, in order to cover his confusion he is driven to adopt the desperate expedient of a lawyer in the same predicament Before a jury "That is to abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and therefore attacks me personally I will attend first to that part of his remarks about the assessment of my own property Not contented with statements he has already made which he can not prove he turns his hand at several more

He says I bought a lot of ground in 1 88 for $600 at the sale of the assignee of Rogers Brothers I never bought any real estate of the assignee of Rogers Brothers and that gentleman will say so if called upon Neither did I buy real estate of any other person in 1886 Now why did he fix the time as in 1886? Solely to try to throw discredit upon me as assessor I did not pay quite that sum and I bought the lot of the executors of Wm B Rogers, deceased in 1883 long before I was assessor and this piece of ground was assessed to Rogers for $50 in the good old time and way at the customary value Neither did I build in 1886 He exaggerates the cost of the new part of my "mansion about 50 per cent In his address to the voters he complained that the valuations were too high Now he says mine is too low He said men properly qualified for assessors should be acquainted with situation of properties &c Now if I have one of the best frame houses on Wood street it is certainly not in the best situation If houses similar to mine were built where Wicks and the house adjoining stand were they set back as mine is or mine set to the line of the street my house would be enhanced in value As it is, my house is depreciated by its proximity to his while at the same time his is enhanced in value Wicks talk of half value might do if on Radcliffe street If on Dorrance street the ground would be worth $10 per foot advance I am advised by a prominent builder

My predecessor, Joseph S Pierce is a gentleman of known capacity, well acquainted with all the real estate in the ward is or has been a builder and dealer in building materials and I thoroughly posted as to the situation and value of real estate. He assessed this property in the good old way and I think that Wicks thinks so highly of and he had no reason to be partial to me more than any other person I never desired him to assess me any lower than others As to the addition to my house, it has always been the custom in this ward to leave all improvements to dwellings until the triennial assessment and I have never raised the valuation on any such improvements and there have been many and why should I raise mine it I did not others' Two of my neighbors made improvements at the same time and they would not have been taxable before 1888 Where improvements have been made to mills and dwellings transformed into valuable business stands I have always returned them at the time as they are more profitable investments Wicks says properties were raised in many cases 50 to 80 per cent except Burton's in the second ward Then produces the assessment of 1885 $600 1886 $1,200 exactly 100 per cent increase thus confuting himself and from his own figures we can see that the same triennial assessor increased his from 5 00 to 5 600 only 66 per cent In the late triennial assessment I did not think it right to value my own property and I left it for the two assistant assessors to determine and they concluded to let the old valuation stand, therefore his censorious remarks are inapplicable to me I do not doubt schoolboy as he says could assess the second or any other ward in a short time if they stand at home and merely copied from the old book as I have heard of some assessors doing His remarks about affirmation brought to my memory my experience with himself when assessor he never gave me a statement to fill up never asked me any questions as to money at interest never took my affidavit as by law he was bound to do just a much then as now and when valuing properties at one third of their real value how much nearer did he come to observance his oath the same then as it is to day than the assessors of whom he complains who came a great deal nearer than he to the full obligation He makes much fuss over the rise of valuation of occupations I find that the poor man thinks that it is unjust that he should be placed at the same valuation as that of a wealthy man or one earning a good salary and they have never forgiven the predecessor of C S Bailey for making that change As to assessors pay The work of the assessor is doubled by the requirements of the State tax law and the enrollment law and the latter and the new mileage law increases their pay much more than formerly

The reiteration of his old charge that I denied an increase from 1885 to 1888 needs no further refutation His ignoring the fact that the County Commissioners increased the valuation of 1885, by $100,000 of property returned as exempt as I pointed out in my reply shows the evasive character of the man I have to deal with Under a recent decision of the supreme Court of Pa, it is probable that some properties returned as exempt in our late assessment 1888, may be decided to be taxable this spring and of course should be counted as part of the triennial valuation of 1888 Well! it was the same way in 1885 W K asserted that the valuations were increased 25 per cent Why does he not confess his error when he can not produce any evidence thereof. He has squirmed and wriggled about trying to evade the issue by talking about the increase of the aggregate which every one knows is absurd. But even taking that view of it and his own figures and he is convicted of willfully accusing the assessors and attempting for a month to defend what he has said. He states that the aggregate increase is $300 514 which is less than 10 per cent and he can't make it 25 per cent with all his wriggling and evasion A new charge is that I denied real estate had declined 25 per cent in the last three years, that I said it was false and untrue I neither affirmed nor denied that proposition I merely gave a few instances tending to show the reverse. Having assumed that I had denied it he proceeds to refute me, quoting sales of properties for which there is no demand mostly situated on Radcliffe street, the Mecca of prosperous Bristolians. Some of these former sales bring mere trades at fictitious prices, and for one purchaser of such there are probably one hundred for the smaller properties of $1 000 or less Is it creditable that houses are being built to sell at 25 per cent discount? His summing up the losses on these properties and assuming that the gain on these I mentioned was all that could be found in Bristol and then talking about a gain of $5,000 balancing a loss of $70,000 is another exhibition of his sophistry. He of course thinks it very ridiculous but every intelligent person can see that the ridicule attaches to himself His remarks about Bristol assessors and Doylestown valuations are nonsensical and unworthy of notice. His quibble about the order of the Commissioners, more sophistery.

Now to sum up this controversy. His advice to the voters as to the kind of men to select as if the qualifications thereof was well enough by itself, most excellent But his attempt to make the voters believe that a wrong had been done them by the triennial assessment of 1885, and the charge that the assessors had increased the valuations 25 per cent being the reverse of the fact needed refutation All that he had to do in answer to me was to bring forth his proof, for assertion is not evidence, which he has, as I have said, utterly failed to do, and I on my part have produced evidence, part of which he furnished himself, which he cannot overcome.

He has angled me out as if I were the only assessor in Bristol and pours all the vials of his indignation upon my head because I have had the temerity to controvert his dogmatic assertions Let us see how the "shameful imposition" affects him Take the property in Wood street in the First ward which he has lately sold for $1 508 to L Lawrence, this is assessed for $400 only a little over 26½ per cent of price obtained In the Second ward valuation advanced at Triennial of 1885 66⅔ per cent and remains the same while all around him valuations were advanced 100 per cent In the Third ward 2 properties each at $600 were reduced this Fall to $400 each He should have been the last to complain I will give him the credit of being the greatest equivocator, the most adroit in employing illegal and evasive methods of reasoning, excelling in that way any person I have ever met

L J BURTON.

OUR TACOMA LETTER

TACOMA March 6 1889

BRISTOL GAZETTE —Thinking that a letter from almost the extreme northwestern section of the United States might prove interesting to some of your readers I will take time on this magnificent afternoon to enumerate some of the many advantages as well as to record the disadvantages of peerless Tacoma But the brilliancy of the former is so dazzling that the shadows of the latter are scarcely perceivable It is puzzling to know where to begin to tell of the vast resources and the magnitude of the great enterprises which are being started not monthly, or weekly but daily As this is the season which is known as the rainy season, and which the people in the east have read of so much and dreaded accordingly, I will commence on that point

The people in the States have a kind of an idea that during this season, which embraces the time from October to May it is a perpetual rain that the folks here are all web footed are arrayed in gum boots gossamers and that umbrellas are a positively necessary adjunct, etc This is an erroneous impression I landed here right in the midst of this terrible rainy season which has been the source of the greatest surprise I have received Instead of what I expected two thirds of the days have been as clear as a crystal and the sun has shone from cloudless skies And even the rainy days are not the source of much inconvenience It does not rain as it generally does when it once gets started in Bristol The Tacoma article is a gentle drizzle accompanied by a foggy atmosphere There are no storms whatever Lightning is never seen and thunder is never heard there is no wind I will take to day for example, which is only one of which they have had many through out the winter It is a bright sunshiny day light overcoats are burdensome While sitting in a room at an open window it seems as though I was looking out upon a June day Vegetation is clothed in its greenest hue Flowers are blooming and the mustical notes of the lawn mower can be heard It seems as though one was in another world to pick up a newspaper and read of the thermometer hovering about zero in Chicago Philadelphia and other eastern cities and then look around to see the doors of the stores wide open, men standing in their shirt sleeves and people rocking to and fro on their front porches oblivious of the fact that at the same time the biting blasts are causing so much discomfort elsewhere

If one admires cities located on hillsides no prettier location or more beautifully laid out city than Tacoma exists as every stranger visiting here will testify It lies on a bluff at the head of and facing the bay from the water front it is a series of terraces The streets and avenues on the terraces are beautiful and level as a board, the streets being 80 feet wide and the avenues 100, the views from which are almost sublime To the south is that old monarch, Mt Tacoma, with its snow-capped peak towering above the clouds to a height of 14 444 feet By persons who have seen both it is said to surpass in majestic appearance Mt Blanc On a clear day it looks to be about ten or fifteen minutes walk to its base, when in reality the distance is about sixty miles On the same side, though looking like pigmies alongside of the lone sentinel, are the mountains of the Cascade range To the south is Mt Baker, another monarch among mountains To the east are the placid waters of the Puyallup river, which stream is ever replenished by the melting snows and glaciers from Mt Tacoma's crest while to the west the peaks of the Olympias tower their heads as though clamoring for recognition Besides all this grandeur the intervening hills are covered with dense forests of fir and cedar, which are so picturesque in comparison to the barren plains of Dakota, Montana and most western countries A few Sundays ago a party of us took a walk of about five miles up a deep canyon, following a bridle path up a stream It was a gorgeous sight to look up the sides of the canyon and see the massive trees towering far above our heads, as straight as flag-poles

Not far from the city is a natural park, twelve miles long and six miles wide It contains two lakes one four miles long and two or three in width A company has been formed to make this spot a summer resort A motor line is in course of construction to carry visitors to the place A handsome hotel is to be built and excursion boats will soon be placed on the lake

One of the peculiarities of this country is the length of the days in summer, during which time it is broad daylight at 9 o clock p m, and light enough to see clearly a half block or more ahead at 11 p m

Now, a few words as to the "City of Destiny" itself In this hasty sketch I cannot give more than a general smattering of things, but in the future will try and give you the developments as they occur Tacoma, as you all know, is at the head of the Puget Sound navigation The largest ocean vessels afloat can steam up to her wharves or seek refuge in its harbor from the storms which inflict the Pacific coast Great steamers arrive and depart from the city's dock daily A great number of gigantic vessels are constantly in port, unloading tea from Japan, or loading coal, lumber, and wheat for foreign and domestic ports, and they sail majestically from the harbor into the broad Pacific through the straits of Juan de Fuca, with no fear of bars, rocks or reefs The scene along the wharves is one of bustling activity, and reminds one of Delaware avenue, Philadelphia Immense wheat elevators and coal-bunkers have been erected here, and although the commerce of this young metropolis is but in its infancy, it has but one rival on the Pacific coast—San Francisco. More vessels arrive and depart here than from Portland and Seattle combined Immense saw-mills line the shores of the bay, where a million feet of lumber are sawed daily A smelter is nearly completed which will be in operation next month, where ore will be received and crushed from Alaska, the Conconully, Cœur d' Alene, and other mines

Another great industry is the fisheries The waters of the Sound fairly teem with fish Salmon of the best species, halibut, cod oysters, clams etc, are caught in great abundance, while the lakes and streams abound with trout and other fish Great quantities of wild game—ducks geese, deer, etc,—are shot every day

The growth of the city of Tacoma seems more as a dream than a reality From a village of a few hundred population five years ago, it is now a bustling city of about 25,000, with every prospect of doubling the next two years Magnificent and imposing structures are the rule rather than the exception There are three or four splendid hotels besides a great number of second class ones The principal one, "The Tacoma," is a regular palace, and would be an ornament to either New York or Philadelphia One of the finest opera houses on the coast is rapidly nearing completion, the cost of which will be nearly $200,000 The first story is of massive stone with great stone arch ways, the upper stories being of frescoed brick Electric lights are used in the streets—the Thomson Houston arc-light system—as well as in most of the business houses All of the business stores have telephones, messenger calls etc Steam motor cars and horse cars lines serve as street transportation The Northern Pacific have announced that $4 000 000 will be spent by them in this city for improvements in the next four years, over $1,000 000 of which will be spent in erecting a magnificent passenger station at once

Labor of all kinds is well recompensed Common laborers receive $2 per day, girls for general housework, $25 and $30 per month, painters and carpenters, $3 and $3 50 per day printers, 50 cents a thousand for composition on the daily papers, etc There is lots of work for carpenters and painters as building are being erected in all directions I believe there is not one square in the city where there is not building going on Carpenters painters plasterers, etc, work the entire year round

The real estate business though has the bulge There are over one hundred real estate firms in the city, most of them comprising two and three members, and all appear to be making money Foremost among these is Allen C Mason who five years ago did not have a hundred dollars to call his own now he is a millionaire A prominent character is a blacksmith, who a few years ago bought a little real estate now he is the owner of a fine block which bears his name, a number of resident and business lots and he counts his wealth in the six figures and it is the same with many others

In the fear of intruding upon space I will draw to a close, and in my next letter will try to give a more explicit insight to the enterprises and doings of the city

JOE S THOMAS

Inaugural Travel on the Pennsylvania Railroad

When in 1885 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company successfully carried into and returned from Washington the vast host of its general pilgrims, it was considered that the perfection of railroad management, in promptly and effectively moving enormous numbers of people within a given space of time, had been reached. But notwithstanding this extraordinary record the achievement of this company on the inaugural occasion just passed surpasses all previous accomplishments in this direction The company was prepared to do much more than it did and had not the unusual inclemency of the weather intervened the total result would have been far greater

One hundred and five thousand excursionists, including the public, the organizations and the military, were delivered in Washington before noon of March 4th, and all, except the clubs and the military, were landed at the Baltimore and Potomac Station For the conveyance of this number it required two hundred and ten trains of ten cars each, with an average of fifty persons to each car All the trains were run in sections, and in many cases the number of sections to a given train reached ten This involved a continuous stream of crowded cars entering the station at intervals of a few minutes, discharging their passengers, and being shifted out to make room for the incoming current. All these trains were moved promptly, and no accident of any character occured to mar the success of the work No unavoidable delay was experienced, but under the strict rules governing the operators of the block system, there were, perhaps, here and there delays, which safety necessitated, on a line of track filled to repletion with long trains of crowded cars.

The true test of ability in management came when the thousands, impatient and eager, to return, crowded into the station and filled the trains as fast as they were made up This difficult portion of the work was accomplished with reasonable promptitude, considering the vast number of people and the multiplicity of trains to be moved at one time On Monday night and Tuesday hundreds of trains started from the capital, all freighted to their utmost capacity, and, under the admirable system which distinguishes the entire organization of this road, were forwarded to their destination steadily and in complete safety. Such a result could never be achieved except under the method of operation employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, coupled with the ability, sagacity, and faithfulness of the employees It was a truly wonderful exhibition of skillful management, and finds its only parallel in a similar achievement, when the same company handled with conspicuous success one hundred and seventy five thousand people on the occasion of the Constitutional Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, in September, 1887

The revenue from this service will amount to a half million of dollars

"GUILTY —Anybody using a soothing remedy for children made of paregoric or laudanum, is guilty of doing harm Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is warranted not to contain anything injurious and should therefore be widely recommended

The healthy action of the liver can be established and maintained by the judicious use of Laxador, the great liver regulator and blood purifier

THEY COULD NOT AGREE War in the ranks of the Wall Paper Manufacturers has caused a drop in prices unprecedented. We get this information from the fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, who have decided to give the advantage of this reduction. They are selling some very handsome gold papers at twelve and fifteen cents.

"Prevention is better than cure. Moffat's Life Pills cleanse the system and prevent disease. Moffat's Phœnix Bitters are invigorating and strengthening For sale by druggists everywhere.

MARRIED.

BECKETT—TYRELL —In Philadelphia, on March 5th, 1889, at St Francis R C Church, by Rev J D Nevins Thomas H Beckett and Mary E Tyrell, of Bristol

TO RENT.—THE LARGE ROOM NO 5 Radcliffe street, now used as a pool room Apply at the Delaware House.

New Advertisements

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

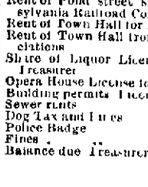
This powder never varies A marvel of purity and wholesomeness More economical than the ordinary kinds and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight powders Sold only in cans ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co 106 Wall street, New York City

WANTED —A GOOD MAN WHO UNDERstands farm work to work on a farm Have a house for a man with family or would hire a single man WM GARUDE, Tullytown, Pa

FOR SALE —HOUSE ON WEST SIDE OF Spruce street, lot 20 by 150 feet Price $850 Terms $50 in cash—$600 on mortgage Apply to I LAWRENCE Cedar and Penn Sts

FOR RENT —TWO SMALL BRICK HOUSES on Radcliffe street opposite St Mark's Church Apply to CAPT WM J JONES

HUMPHREYS'



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1	Fevers, Congestion Inflammations	25
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3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	25
7	Coughs, Cold Bronchitis	25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9	Headaches Sick Headache Vertigo	25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	25
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12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	25
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15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills Malaria	50
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Sold by Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price —HUMPHREYS MEDICINE CO 109 Fulton St N.Y.

New Advertisements

GIVEN AWAY!

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All My Customers

FOR ONE WEEK!

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WILBUR'S

COCOA-THEATA.

Which is undeniably the finest preparation of Chocolate, affording all the nutritive properties of the Cocoa Bean while eliminating the troublesome qualities. It is readily made, delicious in flavor, is easily digested, and will serve equally well for the hearty beverage of the strong appetite, or for the delicate drink of the invalid.

For sale here at 25c per can

Respectfully,

J. Q BLOOMSBURG,

Wood and Dorrance Streets,

Bristol, Pa.

J M MACCORKLE Manager

WM. S. WRIGHT,

Attorney at Law,

BRISTOL, PA.

Office —Temporarily with A Weir Gilkeson, Esq.

STATEMENT of the FINANCES

-OF-

BRISTOL BOROUGH,

FOR THE TERM ENDING MARCH, 1889.

BOROUGH DUPLICATE.

Balance of Duplicate of 1887	$ 95 00	Balance due on Duplicate of 1887	$ 95 00
Duplicate for term ending March 1889	10 153 48	Net amount of taxes collected by Treasurer on Duplicate of 1888	8 060 62
Dog Tax for term ending March, 1889	255 00	Tax collected by H H Smith on Duplicate of 1888	1 262 85
		Discount on tax collected by Treasurer	108 11
		Taxes returned on Duplicates of 1886	013 10
		Balance due on Duplicate of 1888	361 35
	$10 743 48		$10 743 48

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

Cash balance from last term	$ 309 66	Interest on Borough bonds	$ 450 00
Gross amount of tax collected by Treasurer on Duplicate of 1888	8 411 13	Commission of Treasurer for collecting Tax	160 06
Amount of tax collected by H H Smith on Duplicate of 1888	1,262 85	Cash Discount on tax collected by Treasurer	108 11
Rent of Mill St wharf from Sir Colum	300 00	Payment of Borough bond and Interest	1,04 17
Rent of Market St wharf from E D Iron	100 00	Orders—Term 1887 1888	60 75
Rent of Franklin St wharf from Wm Wilson	10 00	Work on streets	2 095 32
Rent of Penn St wharf from A J Hibbs	10 00	Water Tax—Fire Plugs	600 00
Rent of Lafayette St wharf from H S Beatty	10 00	Special and Regular Police	1 874 60
Rent of Pond St wharf from Wilson Downing	10 25	Bristol Iron Light Company for Gas	917 31
Rent of Pond street siding from Pennsylvania Railroad Company	25 00	Pennsylvania Globe Gas Light Company for oil lamps	908 35
Rent of Town Hall for Fire Co purposes	50 00	Cutting and care of Lamps	65 44
Rent of Town Hall from Building Associations	48 00	Rent and burial of Poor	301 71
Share of Liquor License from County Treasurer	1 07 40	Regular appropriation Fire Co No 1	350 00
Opera House License for six months	25 00	Appropriation to Fire Co No 2, to pay Note	0 00
Building permits Hucksters and Dog Tax	75 00	Work and material for Fire Co No 1	200 00
Sewer rents	45 00	Work and material for Fire Co No 2	149 95
Dog Tax and Fines	4 00	Building Association due Fire Co No 1	98 22
Police Badge	1 00	Set of Harness for Fire Co No 1	60 00
Fines	10 00	Fire Committee work	40 00
Balance due Treasurer	308 86	Painting and advertising	60 12
		Heating steamer and material	38 70
		Services of Fire Warden	39 50
		Salary of Clerk	24 00
		Services of Fire Marshal	70 00
		Salary of Borough Attorney	100 00
		Salary of Treasurer	50 00
		Salary of Assessment	25 00
		Care of Town clock	18 00
		Nuisance Committee work	20 00
		Work at Town Hall	13 00
		Commonwealth tax on Loans	49 47
		Collecting garbage	25 05
		Tool and Dog house	140 02
		Catching dogs, cage and team	295 80
		Police equipments	45 20
		Remit of Taxes	82 85
			90
	$12 209 15		$12 209 15

RESOURCES AND LIABILITIES.

Balance of Duplicate of 1887	$ 95 00	Loans on interest	$9 000 00
Balance of Duplicate of 1888	361 35	Interest on Loans due April 1	337 50
Rent of Mill street wharf from Stetzner Columbia	150 00	Outstanding orders for terms previous to March, 1889	83 80
Rent of Market street wharf from E Doron	100 00	Outstanding orders present term	
Borough debt for term ending March, 1889	9 096 07	Work on Streets	10 00
		Relief of Poor	4 50
		Collecting garbage	50 07
		Remit of Tax	1 10
		Balance due Treasurer	308 86
	$9 80. 42		$9 802 42

All of which is respectfully submitted

JAMES WRIGHT, Treasurer.

We, the undersigned Committee appointed to settle the Treasurer's account, report that we have attended to the same, and find a balance due the Treasurer of Three Hundred and Eight Dollars and Eighty six cents

G A SHOEMAKER,
A K JOYCE,
S M BLACK
} Auditing Committee

Spring '89.

OUR REPUTATION FOR FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING AT REASONABLE PRICES IS WELL ESTABLISHED, BUT THIS SEASON WE MEAN TO EXCEL ALL FORMER EFFORTS

A. C. YATES & Co.

Clothing for Men and Boys,

Sixth and Chestnut,

LEDGER BUILDING PHILADELPHIA.

IF YOU WANT

An Economical Baking Powder,

Use Rumford Yeast Powder, the Old Reliable. Its superior strength enables the use of less quantity than of ordinary powder, and it is healthful and nutritious. Packed in bottles. No other genuine.

64

Bristol Advertisements

Bristol Opera House.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Saturday Evening, March 16th.

Fourth season of the great

Domestic Play,

AND MR

Frank Jones,

in his original creation entitled

SI. PERKINS,

FROM PUGHTOWN,

supported by an excellent company of artists, and

Full Orchestra,

TEN SOLO ARTISTS,

QUARTETTE OF SINGERS,

and the ONLY ORIGINAL

Pughtown Farmer's Band

in their Daily Parade

Prices, 35, 50, and 75, cents.

Reserved Seats on sale at the Bristol News Agency

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20,

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

WILL BE SOLD ON THURSDAY MARCH 28, 1889 at 10 o'clock A M, on said day in the borough of Bristol Bucks county Pa upon Lot No 1 hereinafter described the following real estate

No 1—All that certain lot of land beginning at the south corner of land and street and deflection avenue thence northwesterly along said avenue one hundred feet (more or less) to the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad company's land thence northeastwardly along said Railroad company's land to the middle of Adams Hollow road thence down the middle of said road and creek along the various courses thereof to Pond street thence southwesterly along the line of Pond street about 500 feet to the place of beginning

The improvements consist of a large two and half story brick dwelling house, divided with back buildings 23x25 feet containing 12 rooms a large and handsome porch in front of the house and the house is built in the most substantial manner and furnished throughout with modern conveniences of every kind I count business and a hotel stands high for carriage house shop containing six rooms and lot of ground 140 feet deep Plenty of fruit and shade trees

No 2—All that certain lot of land, being at a point in the northwest side of Wood street 183½ feet northeast from Jefferson avenue at the corner of land of C N Peirce thence northwesterly along said Peirces land parallel to Jefferson avenue 15 feet (more or less) to the corner of said C N Peirces land thence northeasterly at right angle to Jefferson avenue 33½ feet to an alley thence southeasterly along said alley to Wood street thence along Wood street southwesterly 33½ feet to the place of beginning

There are no improvements on this lot

No 3—All that certain lot of land beginning at the west corner of Brook street and a 20 feet wide alley known as Cherry alley thence northwesterly along said Cherry alley 100 feet thence northeasterly at an alley parallel to Lincoln avenue to the middle of Adams Hollow road thence down the middle of said creek along the various courses thereof to a point 115 feet the southeastside of Brook street thence northwesterly in the direction of the line of Brook street to the place of beginning

There are no improvements on this lot

No 4—All that certain lot or piece of ground lying on the north west side of an alley extending southwestwardly from Lafayette street at right angles thereto about 100 feet northwest from Pond street and being a part of the line of said alley 110 feet southwest from Lafayette street, at the southeast end of said Campbell thence northwestwardly and parallel to Lafayette street by lands of said Campbell and Ernest Lawrence 83½ feet to lands of Land A Dorrance thence southwesterly by said Dorrances land 38 feet to land of Mary A Buck thence southeasterly parallel to Washington street by lands of said Buck and others 83½ feet to said alley thence northeasterly along said alley to the place of beginning

There are no improvements on this lot

No 5—All that certain lot of land beginning at the west corner of Jefferson avenue and the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad thence northwesterly along Jefferson avenue, 40 feet (more or less) to the corner of Canal street thence southwesterly along Canal street 100 feet 6 inches to the corner of land of the Bristol Improvement Company known as the Keystone Mill property thence southeasterly along the line of said last to the line of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company thence northwardly along the line of said railroad company's land to the place of beginning

There are no improvements on this lot

—ALSO—

At the same time and place will be sold the following articles of personal property to wit One horse Germantown wagon sleigh set of bridle a shoofly wagon one cow hay cutter, corn shelter forks and rakes

Conditions made known upon day of sale by WM H GRUNDY, Assignee of Joshua Peirce and wife

FOUR NEW STATES.

North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington

On February 22, 1889 the President signed the bill creating South Dakota North Dakota, Montana and Washington States of the Union

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ALL persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment and those having claims will present the same for settlement without delay to ROBERT H NEELY Executor

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THE SEXTON.

Who is it walks with lordly tread,
And holds on high his haughty head,
And makes us quake with awe and dread?
The Sexton.

Who, when we are engrossed in prayer,
Conceals us with his haughty stare,
And says, "How did you get in there?"
The Sexton.

Who, when we join the pious band,
Lays on our arm his heavy hand,
And says, "Look here, you'll have to stand?"
The Sexton.

Who makes the stoutest heart to quail,
The coolest cheek turn wan and pale,
And e'en the strongest courage fail?
The Sexton.
—New York Truth.

A DEAF AND DUMB SPY.

Sherman did not leave Chattanooga for Atlanta without knowing all about the route and its obstructions. His spies and scouts passed over almost every mile of the distance, and made full and accurate reports. I was one of the last sent out and the last to return, and I had a close shave of it. Information was required which obliged me to enter the Confederate camps and see with my own eyes, and as two or three of our spies had been captured and hung, and the Confederates were on the qui vive to prevent others from penetrating their lines, I needed something more than a disguise. After canvassing the matter for a while, I adopted the the suggestion of a regimental surgeon to play the role of a "dummy." I was to be deaf and dumb, and carry pencil and paper, and do my talking that way. He coached me for two or three days before the start, and when I was ready to go I had mastered the situation. The surgeon had been assistant superintendent in a deaf and dumb asylum for several years, and he was peculiarly fitted to teach me my steps.

You may reply that any one can "play deaf and dumb" and deceive people. Yes, any one can, up to a certain point. I was to go beyond that point. If it was discovered that I was not what I claimed to be my life would pay the forfeit. I was provided with a bundle of stationery, some tobacco, a lot of religious tracts, articles of cheap goods and a few specialties, and I left the Federal outposts one dark and rainy evening in good spirits. Obstructing Sherman's advance was the mountain barrier called Rocky Face Ridge. The main gap, through which the railroad and highway ran and still run, is called Buzzard's Roost Gap. Our scouts and spies had reported this gap so strongly fortified that Sherman felt he could not force it. Further south is Snake Creek Gap. One of my objects was to ascertain how this gap was defended.

I was well within the Confederate lines before midnight, and at about that hour I found shelter in a barn, and slept until two hours after daylight. When I turned out no one was in sight, and I had walked fully two miles along the highway before I met any one. Then I encountered a party of about thirty cavalrymen going to the front. I was in citizen's clothes, had a pack on my back, and, of course, expected to be stopped. The troop was commanded by a lieutenant, and as he came up he ordered a halt and queried of me:

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

Here was the first test. The men had gathered around me, and every one had his eye upon me. It was a compliment to me that one of the men called out before I had made a sign:

"Dog gone him, he's a dummy! He's got a face like a washboard!"

I wrote on my tablet: "What do you want?" and the lieutenant wrote in reply: "Who are you, and where are you going?"

I gave my name as George Smith, and stated that I was a Confederate peddler. I opened my bundle, presented him with some tobacco, and several of the men made purchases. The officer asked for my pass, and I told him that it was taken from me three days before by some Yankee raiders who had captured me and turned me loose again.

"Well, they'll overhaul him back there, anyhow," he said to his sergeant, and, waving his hand to me, he gave me the order to ride on. I was in for it now, and must push ahead. I could see an encampment down the road, and any attempt to flank it would create suspicion. It was well that I went ahead, for one of the cavalrymen followed me clear back to the sentinel on the outskirts of the camp. He walked his horse directly behind me, so close that the animal's nose almost touched my back, but he did not catch me off my guard. When the sentinel stopped me I handed him my name and occupation, and in a few minutes I was in the presence of the officer of the guard. While he asked for my pass, he did not seem suspicious. I was escorted to the quarters of the officer of the day, and here came a test, made so carelessly that if I had not had all my wits about me I should have been lost. As we reached the quarters the escort said:

"Here is a deaf and dumb man who has no pass. Capt. Harsher ordered him here from the guard tent."

"All right," replied the officer, who was not even looking at us; and then, as the escort started off he half turned to me and said:

"Stand aside for a few minutes and I will attend to your case."

His tone was so careless and his order so natural that I caught my muscles moving to obey. Had I picked up a foot I should have given myself away. As I did not move, he presently turned to me, seemed surprised that I was there, and began to inquire about me. I gave him the details, and while we were passing the tablet back and forth a captain came up. The officer of the day said to him:

"We have captured a dummy. Mighty queer that he should take to peddling among the soldiers, but they are a queer lot. He says he had a pass from Polk, but that the Yanks gobbled it when they captured him the other day. Do you see that blood spot on his left cuff?"

I was looking the officer full in the face as he spoke. I felt that he would try some trick, but he did it so neatly that he almost caught me. I winked, but I did not drop my eyes.

"You must have taken him for an impostor," laughed the captain.

"We can't be too cautious," was the reply, and he took the tablet and wrote that I might circulate about the camp until guard mount and then report to the new officer of the day.

I got some breakfast, sold out about half my goods, and when I reported and asked that I might pass on no objection was made. I found troops everywhere now, and being so far within the lines no one questioned my right to be there. I underwent but one more test before reaching the gap, and that I was prepared for. The soldiers accepted me for what I claimed to be, and while my condition excited the sympathies of some, others were inclined to ridicule and joke. While I knelt in a group a joker held a pistol close to my ear and fired it off. I heard the click of the hammer and was therefore prepared for the report. I found the gap covered by a weak body, with no defenses to speak of, and I got through them without trouble, though my goods were now all gone, and I had to claim that I was on my way to Dalton after a new stock. I was arrested after entering the gap, and the arrest came about through a corporal in a battery of artillery, who at first contended that he recognized me as a deserter named William Ridges. It appeared that I closely resembled Ridges in build and look, but as soon as the corporal had a close look at me he acknowledged his mistake. This occurred just before dark, and the captain of the battery, who was in command, sent me to Gen. Wayne, in command of some Georgia state troops. I was not suspected of being a Federal spy, but having been arrested on a charge, and being found without a pass, it was quite proper to make a further investigation.

There were several officers in the general's tent when I was taken in and reported on, and the facts in my case had no sooner been announced than one of them, who was a surgeon in Hood's command, held a whispered consultation with the general, and I suspected a plot to test me. My suspicions were soon proved correct. The escort had retired and left me standing in front of the entrance inside, of course, but just where I was in the way of any one coming or going. The whispered consultation lasted about five minutes, and then the general casually remarked to me:

"Take a seat and I will hear you."

The surgeon was looking me full in the face, and had I made the slightest move he must have detected it.

"Sit down!" commanded the general in a louder voice.

I was looking at his sword hanging on the tent pole, and I did not turn my eyes until he wheeled around in his chair and beckoned to me to approach. I handed him my tablet and pencil and he inquired why I had not a pass and where I wanted to go. I explained about the pass as before, and told him I wanted to go to Dalton or Rome and secure more goods. The general would have been quite satisfied in five minutes, but the surgeon was a keen reader of human nature, and he was convinced that I was in disguise. I heard him whisper his suspicions to others, and their lack of belief made him all the more determined to expose me. I had no fear of any of the rest, but I realized that it would take all my nerve and tact to hold out against the surgeon. Some of the tests he at once put me to may seem trifles to the reader until he can put himself in the position I occupied. He rose up suddenly, crossed over to me, and slapping me on the shoulder he exclaimed:

"Let me see your tongue!"

I had my teeth hard shut or my jaws would have opened at the command.

"Straighten up!" was the next command. I was bumped over, and the words went through me like a bullet. I did not move, however.

"Take your foot off that sash!" shouted the surgeon, but I looked from him to the general and showed my wonder.

"Come, now, but you're beaten," laughed one of the officers, and as the others had some remark to make the surgeon was nettled. He looked at me fixedly for a long half minute, and then said to his comrades:

"I won't give in yet, general. Please hold on to him until we are certain of him one way or the other."

"Oh, certainly; but I think you have made a mistake this time. A deaf and dumb person always has an expression not to be counterfeited. He has told a pretty straight story."

"That is true; but I want to study him a little more. He claims to have lost his pass. I want to ask him for more details. What was the date?"

He turned and put this question to me, and had I not been looking ahead for it or something of the kind, my mouth would have got away with me. His failure provoked another laugh, and I wrote on the tablet:

"What does the officer say? Does he believe I am a deserter?"

"He says you are deceiving us."

"I have it hard enough now, without being looked upon with ridicule or suspicion," I wrote, and the general nodded his head to me and said to the surgeon:

"I won't keep him longer than noon to-morrow. The poor cuss has a hard row to hoe, and I don't want to discourage him."

The guard was called, and I was removed to the guard house, which was a log structure and quite comfortable. It held a prisoner, and I had no doubt that he had been placed there for a purpose. As soon as the door was shut behind me, he came forward and took my hand and said:

"Ah! and they have got you, too! Both of us must die together!"

I signed to him that I was a deaf mute, but he replied:

"Come no nonsense with me. I know you, and you will soon know me. I have seen you at Sherman's headquarters a dozen times. I am Jack Ross, a Union spy. I was arrested here a week ago, tried by court martial, found guilty, and to-morrow I am to be hung."

He trapped himself right on the start. As I had never been at Sherman's headquarters but once, I knew the name of every spy employed by that army, and there was no such person as Jack Ross. He worked every way he could think of to trap me, but after a couple of hours he gave it up as a bad job. I did not go to sleep that night, suspecting the surgeon would play me some trick. About midnight he came softly in with a couple of soldiers, and at a signal the men screamed in my ears. I did not move. Then a musket was discharged over my body, and the surgeon called out:

"You careless devil: you have wounded him!"

I did not think so, and I did not "awake" until they pulled at me. Next morning the pretended spy was taken out, and I was threatened and bulldozed for an hour. After breakfast, as I sat with my back to the door, it was softly opened, and I heard the click! click of the hammer of a revolver. It made my flesh creep, but I did not turn. At noon I was returned to the general's tent. He was all alone, and he wrote on the tablet that I was free to go and that he would give me a pass. As he said this he handed me a paper, but ten seconds later quietly remarked:

"See if I signed my name to it."

That was not the last test. He conducted me to the door of the tent, waved me past the sentinel, and observed:

"Turn to the left to avoid the ditch."

I turned to the right, bought some provisions of a soldier, and after making a dinner, set out to the south. I do not think I was followed or further suspected. I thoroughly investigated the defenses of the gap, located the nearest large bodies of Confederates, and returned to the Union lines with no other damage than a flesh wound received in the very last mile of travel from a bushwhacker.—New York Sun.

What Society Does in Washington.

The beautiful and thoughtful daughter of a well known editor said the other day: "I have made the rounds. I've called on the cabinet ladies on cabinet day, Wednesday; on the supreme court ladies on Monday; on the senatorial ladies on Thursday; on congressman's wives Tuesdays and Fridays, and from Monday till Saturday I have fairly revealed in fragmentary conversations on the weather, the president's last reception, dress and more weather. From Capitol hill to Georgetown I've been surfeited with tea and stupidity. I want no more of this hop, skip and jump society in mine. I'd rather stay at home and read Tolstoi."

Japanese Life.

The following picture of Japanese life by Professor Morse shows how pleasant may be the relation between the human and the brute creation: "Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the street; and he had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of his hand, as tame as calves and lambs on our Michigan farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree; and the busy, jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, just as they would with us; but, instead of bringing out a 'popper,' out came pencil and sketch paper."—Boston Budget.

They Paid the Damages.

A well known resident of the Seventh ward has three sons. I will not describe him more particularly than to say that he has bright blue eyes, a bulging forehead, intellectual whiskers and a contagious laugh. He has a reputation as an engineer. He is a widower and the three boys are his charge, though he has the aid of a middle aged housekeeper and a couple of other servants. George is 7, Joseph 9 and James 11 years old. They are not bad boys by any means, but they are boys, as the incidents of a day in their history will show. George and Joseph got at James' desk, while he was out, and, anxious to write, spilled the ink. In a laudable effort to clean it up, they spilled more and covered themselves with the proof of their crime. Down stairs they went to remove the evidence, and in spite of the remonstrance of the servant took possession of the laundry tubs and proceeded on a campaign of cleansing.

The housekeeper was summoned and against her they raised a barricade, so that they might do what they deemed their duty. James soon appeared on the scene, and when the father arrived the house was in a state of siege. He raised it and called a council of belligerents. The sincerity of the youngsters was shown if their methods were doubtful. By arbitration the father decided forty cents damages was due James for injury to his desk. George paid his share in cash and Joseph gave a note on his pocket money. Then they entered into a solemn compact, which has made the house happy. This is the compact:

We, the under signed, resend, pomise not to hit each other or to sas, or take each other's things,

his
GEORGE X ——, JOSEPH ——, JAMES J. ——,
mark. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A MEXICAN BULL FIGHT.

A THRILLING SCENE DESCRIBED BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Sickening Features of This Exciting Pastime—Fantastic Get Up of the Performers and Cruel Exuberance of Spectators. How the Bull Is Worried.

But we are going to a bull fight. So we pass on up the street with the human tide drifting in that direction. Here is the plaza, with its walks, and seats, and grass, and trees, and in the center the bust of Juarez, some time president of the republic, and from whom the town took its name last year. Before that it was Paso Del Norte.

We take our place in the press before the ticket seller's stand, and when at length we reach him are informed in the tongue of Cervantes that un peso por cada—a dollar each—will admit us. Tickets in hand, up the steps we go. On the landing is a group of Mexican soldiers, with their dirty uniforms and convict appearance, who do police duty for the occasion. Here is a circular inclosure a hundred feet in diameter and some twelve feet high. Around and above this the seats rise in tiers, amphitheatre fashion. Fully three thousand people occupy these seats, while a vast rabble, unable to raise the necessary peso, are peering through the cracks in the boards of the wall beneath.

The show has not yet begun. The usual conversational hubbub is in progress. Volleys of supposed wit are fired in Spanish by "smart Alecs" at each other across the arena. The lemonade and peanut fiend is going his rounds. All at once a blare of comets at our backs makes us jump with the sudden impression that the bull is upon us. Now a door into the arena opens and the performers enter. They are fantastic in their scarlet jackets, green sashes and knee breeches. There are half a dozen banderilleros with their scarlet mantels, wherewith they torment the bull, and two picadors armed with pikes and mounted upon sorry steeds, and last, but not least, that distinguished person, the matador, with his sword.

SIMPLY PLAYING.

They make their obeisance, the trumpets flourish and after a moment a large door on the opposite side is opened. All eyes turn in that direction and here comes one of the animals which are to furnish the sport. Ah, how nimbly he sends across the arena! How he tosses his head this way and that and glares around him! He is scared. In vain they flaunt the red cloth before him. He dashes the other way. The picadors prod him and he tries to scramble over the wall, greatly to the consternation of those sitting above. The banderilleros tease and torture him, but to no purpose. He turns tail and tries to escape. The fact is, he is only a mitigated bull—a bull in the past tense, so to speak. There is a storm of jeers and hisses and he is driven out in disgrace.

The band plays. Now the door is again opened. This time a genuine bull enters. He is a magnificent beast, black as night, and built for strength and action. As he plunges in a tiny dart of steel is hurled into his withers. This enrages him and without pausing he charges, head down and tail in the air, upon his tormentor, who flies before him. The scarlet cloth is interposed and he turns upon the banderillero and chases him so hotly that the man drops his mantle and takes refuge behind the strong screen erected against the wall as a retreat. The bull is baffled. He turns and is trampling and trying to gore the offensive cloth when he is challenged by another banderillero holding in each hand a little dart wreathed with bright colored paper. Instantly the animal charges furiously upon him. The man does not move and the spectators hold their breath. When the horns are within a foot of his body the man makes a lightning like swerve and thrusts the little spears into the bull's neck as he passes. He roars with pain and endeavors to shake off the darts, but they are barbed and still dangle to his neck.

THE FIGHT IN EARNEST.

Another red cloth is flaunted before him. His fury waxes. A venturesome picador urges his horse toward him. The horse's breast and sides are protected by a guard of heavy leather. The bull rushes upon them. The man guards with his long pike, which is pointed with a sharp iron spike, expecting to hold the bull off. But he miscalculates the force of the charge. The spike rips the bull's skin and plows through his flesh, but the horse and his rider are hurled to the earth, and the bull tramples and gores them in a transport of fury. The man is underneath, the leather guard tears like paper, and the bull's horn is buried in the horse's flank. It is a moment of terror. The bull plunges and roars, the poor horse groans and men shout. There are white faces turned away from the frightful spectacle. It is but a moment. A banderillero seizes the bull's tail, another blinds him with his mantel, and then his attention is distracted. He leaves his victims and chases these new objects of his wrath to the screen on the other side of the arena. The picador is quickly extricated, and the horse lifted and carried staggering and streaming with blood out of the inclosure. The man is only bruised a little, and limps out of danger as fast as possible. Meanwhile the bull has been wrought to a frenzy. The air around him is filled with flaunting red. His bloody neck is festooned with a dozen gayly wreathed darts, which his active tormentors have thrust into him. He rushes blindly hither and thither, but his enemies elude him on every hand.

Now comes the final scene. The matador, apparently a Hercules in strength, but as nimble as a cat, walks bareheaded into the arena with his keen glittering sword. He gracefully salutes the audience. They cheer him vociferously. The other performers retire and he and the frantic bull are left alone. The animal, wet with blood and snorting with pain and fury, thunders down upon him. He makes a sudden movement and a graceful sword play. The bloody horn all but grazes his side. Baffled and raging the bull turns for his last charge. Head down, nostrils wide, eyes glaring, he rushes upon his doom. There is a swift shimmer of steel and the slender blade is transfixed in the animal's heart. The quivering hilt upon his massive back alone is visible. He stops. His limbs are rigid. His gigantic body is convulsed. He belches forth a torrent of blood. He sways, he reels, he staggers, he totters, he falls.

The matador plucks away his weapon and the barbarous crowd yell themselves hoarse, but it is a bloody, brutal and sickening spectacle. We have seen our first and last bull fight. As we rise to go the still gasping body of the valiant beast, butchered to make a "greaser" holiday, is being dragged ignobly from the arena.—F. J. Cowart in Atlanta Sunny South.

A Texas steer lifted a carriage and baby off a street and over a high fence in Denver without the least damage. Indeed, the baby cackled with delight over the performance, and the nurse did not have to stop her flirtation with a soldier.

The old ladies of Nantucket are exceedingly spry, if one may believe the report that at a recent evening gathering on the island one of them, aged 92, played the piano accompaniment, while another, aged 85, danced.

Considerate.

It may have been rather a propensity to use big words than a desire to be considerate of the feelings of "Mistah Field" that caused the presiding officer of a meeting of colored people to rise and say:

"I b'lieve we are all heah now but Mistah Field, en mos' ob yo' are cognizant ob de fac' dat Mistah Field are detained by certain limitations not fo'seen by him when he was app'inted a membah ob dis committee."

Which was a delicate way of saying that "Mistah Field" was in jail for the larceny of a pig.—Youth's Companion.

Effect of Empty Buildings.

A building unoccupied for a few months exercises a most depressing effect upon the surrounding property. In fact, it may be said to cast a gloom over the entire block. The pedestrian sees a big business building, really located most eligibly, idle for months, and unconsciously makes up his mind that there must be something the matter with the entire vicinity. Let a residence that is under litigation remain closed for a year and the old woman and nurse girls of the neighborhood announce with profound conviction that it is haunted. If it is a business house the impression gradually prevails that it is unlucky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD KING.

The Daily Routine of Home Life of His Infantile Majesty.

The exceedingly blue blooded little gentleman who was born king of Spain rejoices in a vast variety of baptismal names in addition to the Alfonso by which he is to be known in history. He is, moreover, the "well beloved son" of the Roman pontiff, the "brother" of all wearers of crowns, the cousin of the Spanish grandees; his mother, the queen regent, speaks of him simply, yet tenderly, as "the child." Alfonso XIII is an exceedingly handsome little fellow, with blond hair which falls in beautiful curls upon his shoulders. He is all gayety, light heartedness and smiles. His joyous little majesty gives no thought to his exalted position or his future destinies. He reigns but does not govern, leaving to his mother the care of signing every day great bundles of decrees and appointments. And when a uniformed minister comes from the queen's chamber, carrying under his arm a portfolio stuffed with papers which have caused discussions, intrigues and great political debates, his majesty, from his nurse's arms, smiles upon him as though to say, "What has all that to do with me?"

King Baby already enjoys the glories of a military and civil household. The generals and aides-de-camp of the late King Alfonso are attached to the service of the queen; but technically they form his majesty's military household. The civil establishment consists of the governess, Mme. Tacon, who held the same position towards the late king; the doctors who are attached exclusively to the royal person, two or three major domos, a lady of honor, and several pages, footmen, and servants. The famous monteros of Espinosa watch over the king's sleep in an apartment adjoining the royal bed chamber. The little monarch's life is simple. He rises at an early hour, is bathed, dressed, and handed over to the wet nurse, who in addition to the semi-maternal duties which there is no longer any necessity that she should fulfill, takes him out for airings and bears him in her arms at state ceremonies. The nurse, Raymunda, at night occupies a bed by the side of the royal crib. Directly the king is dressed he is taken to his mother, who impatiently awaits his arrival. He is sometimes present at the early morning audiences to ministers and members of the royal family. His favorite amusement while Queen Christina is thus occupied is to strum upon the table with his chubby little fingers. Raymunda is a faithful creature, and is almost as fond of her charge as the queen herself.

Upon one occasion a great lady wished to see the king, and the queen accompanied her to the youngster's apartments; but Raymunda barred the way. "You can't come in," was her peremptory reply; "he is asleep." And the queen and the duchess retired smiling.

When the weather is fine the king drives out. Naturally he possesses his own carriage, with an equerry who gallops bravely by its side and forms the only escort. He dines alone at a well garnished table. King Baby has only one trouble in life. It is a trouble which might drive some grown up people to madness; but, since he is entirely unconscious of it, it does not worry him much. The photographer is always on the lookout for him. Scarcely a week has passed since he was born without a demand from some fresh photographer to be allowed to take his portrait. He has been photographed standing, sitting, in his mother's arms, upon her lap or holding her by the hand, with his hat on and his hat off, full face, profile, and, in short, in every possible position. It is the ambition of every Madrid photographer to possess a negative of the king, since his portraits sell by thousands, not merely in Spain, but in most civilized countries.—St. James' Gazette.

WILDCATS IN A FIGHT.

A Duel Between Two Toms in the Presence of an Applauding Female.

Levi Smalling, a Spring Brook hunter, recently witnessed a remarkable fight between two male wildcats in the woods of that section. "I was still hunting for squirrels and rabbits," said Mr. Smalling, "when I heard a terrific yowling and snarling down in the ravine from where I was tramping through the woods. I knew at once that the noise was made by wildcats, for I had heard them scream at night many a time, and my first thought was that a wildcat had been caught in a trap and was yelling from pain. I listened for a minute, and then I heard two distinct voices. I hurried to the brink of a ledge to look down into the ravine, and on my way it seemed as though I could hear three wildcats, and I was not mistaken in this, as I soon found out.

"When I got where I could look down I saw what all the fuss was about. In an open space two he wild cats were making the hair fly from one another's bodies, yelling, scratching and biting, and every now and then tumbling over each other and tearing up the leaves. On a limb close by to them sat a she wild cat with her back humped up, and she was spitting and hissing and urging the he ones on. I made up my mind right away that the two toms were fighting over her, and I enjoyed the row more than anything I had ever seen in the woods. When the toms got tired of clawing one another they crouched on the ground a few feet apart and lashed their tails and howled, while the she one on the limb kept up a continual noise and lashed her tail, too.

"After each resting spell the toms rushed at one another again, and while they were ripping and tearing, and making the blood fly I clamored down the ledge, stopping every time they stopped for fear they might hear me and either run away or make for me. It seemed to be nip and tuck between them, for they were both big and strong, and each appeared bent on killing the other before he would give up. I wanted to kill them both and get their hides and the bounty money, and so I waited for a good shot at them. I had a charge of buckshot in my right barrel and a bullet in the left, and my intention was to send the buckshot at them when mixed up in the next bout.

"Then they flew at one another again, but before I could reach the spot that I wanted to get to before I blazed away the toms separated once more. By this time they were pretty well fought out, and for a few minutes all they did was to glare at one another, swing their tails back and forth and howl. The she cat then sprang from her limb to another branch, giving a scream as she leaped, and in less than ten seconds the he ones dashed at each other and fought more furiously than ever, filling the woods with their yowls.

"Then I banged away at the heap with the charge of buckshot. One of the wildcats leaped into the air and fell down dead, and the other went howling into the bushes out of my sight. I saw that there was no use of trying to get another shot at him, and I sent the bullet at the she one and knocked her off the limb. I didn't stir from the spot until I had chucked a charge into each barrel, and then I hurried down to see if I had killed the she one. She was dead enough, I was glad to find out, and then I thought I would search for the live tom, thinking that he might have been wounded by one of the buckshot. I found him after a little, and I guess he would have given me a pretty lively time of it if two of his legs hadn't been broken. As it was he showed fight and tried to tear my bootleg off, but I had the advantage of him and I shot him through the head."—Scranton (Pa.) Letter.

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There is a certain nobility about a bulldog that goes far towards concealing his ugliness. One of the prize winners has been going to bench shows for the last thirteen years, and he was never known to behave himself in an unseemly manner. He is as ugly as sin, but his owner thinks him the handsomest dog on earth. "He's the best judge of human nature I ever saw," said he. "He knows an honest man and a gentleman by instinct. He never frightened a woman or a child, he never went tearing down the front walk after anybody, but the very looks of him would mighty nigh scare a tramp to death. When a tramp comes to my house he begins to holler 'Hello!' a mile off. The old dog loves to scare 'em. But he's not quarrelsome or fussy. I never knew him to run up and down a neighbor's palings after the dog on the other side. He's above that; but he never dodged a responsibility. He has come in violent personal contact with other dogs a thousand times, more or less, and he was never the bottom dog in the fight. Talk about your sheep; I wouldn't give him for a whole flock. Sheep are to eat and wear; my dog is a companion and a friend."—New York Tribune.

1889.

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1889.

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ILLUSTRAT

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DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS.

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H. H. SMITH, Collector.

Bristol, Pa., October 1, 1888.

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